

CAGLER'S CLEAN RECORD

By Elliott Flower

January 1907

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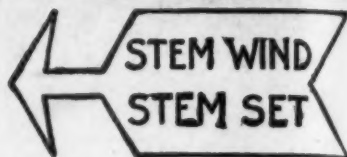
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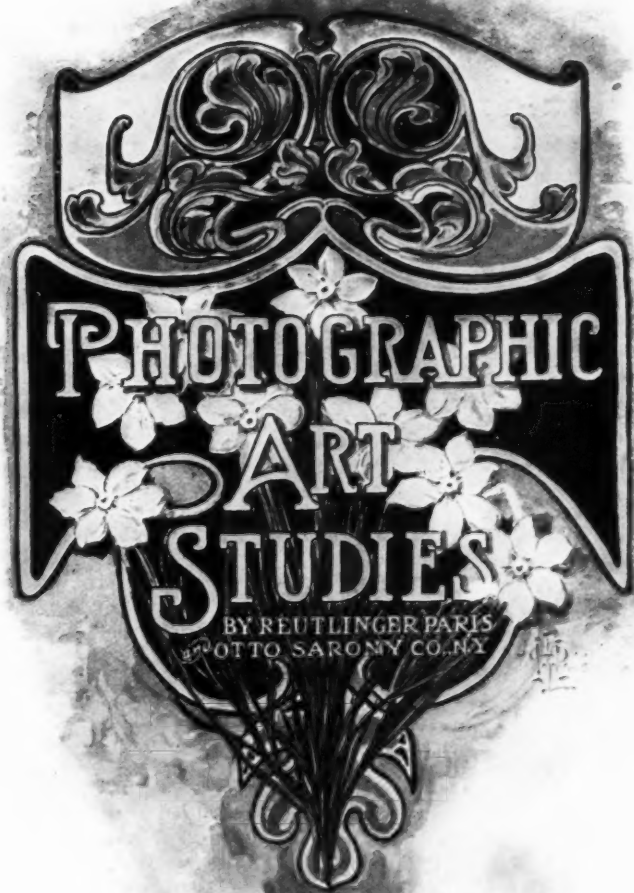


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MLLE. DORGERE



















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DRAWN BY AUGUST PETRYL

Marie tapped at the sacristy door.

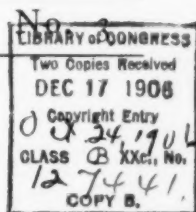
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THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

January, 1907



When Genius Woke

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

"Your execution is brilliant, your technique is perfect: I can do no more for you."

Archer laid his cheek against his violin with a caressing gesture, as if expecting a response.

"I have worked," he said, slowly.

"Otherwise," remarked Professor Gastrow, dryly, "you had not been my pupil."

He ran his fingers through his bushy gray hair with an impatient motion peculiar to himself.

"I took special pains with you," he continued, fretfully; "had you been my own son I could not have taken more interest or grounded you more thoroughly. I have been critical—"

"Truly, you have," interrupted the young man with a slight shrug, "most critical."

"Well, it is over; technically you are my superior."

Archer laid his violin upon the table and faced his companion.

"But," he said, tentatively, "but—"

Professor Gastrow methodically folded his handkerchief and returned it to his pocket.

"You cannot play," he said, quietly; "your music lacks soul. I am disappointed."

Archer walked abruptly to the window and stood gazing down the street below, while his companion watched him narrowly, a curious light in his keen blue eyes and his lips pursed thoughtfully as if about to whistle.

"The agreement was that I should speak the truth," he said, finally. "I shall keep my word."

"And my career," said Archer, slowly, "what of that?"

"The store is waiting for its junior partner. 'Archer, Wilson & Archer, dry goods merchants.' There's money in it, my lad."

With a gesture of disgust Archer flung himself moodily into a chair and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"'Archer, Wilson & Archer, dry goods merchants,'" he repeated bitterly. "So that's the end of it."

"You should not have encouraged me," he said, suddenly. "You knew—you must have known whether I had it in me or not."

"You had decided talent," remarked the professor, judicially. "I thought you had genius, and as I told your uncle, time alone would tell. He agreed to give you wholly to me for five years, and if at the end of that time you proved yourself all I hoped, he would place no more obstacles in your way. On your part, you agreed also to abide by my decision, and if you had not the something within you which ensures success, to drop it all and take up merchandise. It was a square deal, and I have weighed my verdict carefully. You cannot play. You cannot touch an audience and hold it breathless, whether it will or not; you cannot appeal to those who don't know one note from another, as well as to musical critics: and that's what a successful violinist must do; your music, try as you will, does not reach the heart."

"A counter-jumper," interrupted the young fellow; "and I worked so hard."

"A junior partner," corrected the pro-

fessor quietly; "there's a difference. Robert. But I am sorry, almost as much disappointed as you, my boy. I never put so much of myself into the training of a pupil in all my experience; I sympathized with your desire."

There was silence for a moment, and the sounds from the street became jarringly audible.

"Have you written to my uncle?" inquired Archer at last, his tones studiously indifferent. "I might as well have it over at once. As you say, it was a square deal, and I must do my part."

"No," replied Professor Gastrow, slowly, "I have not written, Robert, because—"

"Well?"

"Because you have another chance. You are tired, just now; overworked, perhaps. Will you do as I say once more? It is your last hope, but it's worth trying."

"I have obeyed you implicitly for five years, professor, and I can do it again. Force of habit is strong."

Professor Gastrow passed his hand across his hair, smoothing down his rampant locks mechanically; it was an involuntary act hailed with relief by unhappy pupils, for it indicated that peace was near at hand.

"There's a place," he said, slowly, "up among the hills, with trout brooks and things. Go there for the summer; loaf, fish, dance, if you choose. Try fresh air and frivolity, girls—"

"Girls?" inquired the lad, doubtfully, "but why girls?"

"Sometimes, at rare intervals," remarked the professor, indifferently, "they are stimulating. But small doses, Robert, varying in quality. Variety, my boy, is the spice of life, especially in women. You will start Monday; I will arrange it."

"Just as you say," said Archer, rising, "but it's only putting off the evil hour."

He reached out his hand for his violin. but the professor interfered

"This stays with me," he said decidedly "no music whatever for you this summer. In October, Robert, you may come here again and play to me. After that I will write to your uncle."

He closed the case and put the violin in a closet, and turned to the young fellow

who watched him with a puzzled expression.

"Be ready to start Monday," he said, quietly. "I will tell you then where you are going."

That night Professor Gastrow, an acknowledged authority in the musical world, wrote a letter, read it over carefully, folded and stamped it with precision, and then weighed it doubtfully in his hand.

"Nonsense," he said at last, rousing himself abruptly, "a surgeon does not hesitate to apply the knife because it hurts."

And walking quickly to the nearest corner he posted his letter.

There were many hills. Green hills near at hand, glowing with verdure, throbbing with every sort of life, and delightfully human in their companionship; purple hills in the distance, indistinct and misty, awesome in their alliance with the unexplored horizon and wonderfully fascinating in their suggestiveness.

There was a brook with lights and shadows. A riotous brook, leaping noisily about moss covered rocks, dancing fantastically in the sunshine, and shouting its paean to whom it might concern; a dangerous brook, lapping softly over little white pebbles, sidling unobtrusively into peaceful, shady pools by fern-fringed banks—rippling, murmuring, beckoning, as it whispered to credulous youth strange melodies of life and its possibilities.

There was a girl, wide-eyed and wondering, with womanhood before her; and a lad, alert and eager, almost—not quite—a man. They sat beside the brook and listened to it; moreover they had sat there often before, and had come to regard it with a sense of possession. Usually the girl talked, while he lay on the soft green moss, gazing at the bits of blue sky visible between the leaves and unconsciously drifting toward the inevitable.

Today, however, he told her a story and she listened with growing disapproval, an occasional frown knitting her white brow.

"I like men who do things," she remarked, as he paused for an appropriate word

"Mozart did things," he said dreamily, "Mozart and Beethoven, and—"



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

"So that is the end of it."

"I mean real things," she interrupted, ruthlessly, "things that matter. What difference does one tune more or less make to the world? And, after all, the world's the thing, you know. We live in it now—not centuries later when people have appreciated how wonderful we are, and named clubs or societies for us and all that."

She broke off a large fern, waving it reflectively before her face and then dropping it carefully into the water.

"After all," she continued slowly, as she watched it float away, "I'm glad you're not a genius. I would not like to be looked down upon from such lofty heights. I'm so commonplace—"

She paused expectantly, glancing up through her dark lashes as he indignantly denied the allegation, her delicate cheek flushing a little.

"If you had not been disappointed,"

she said, softly, "you would not have come here, and—we would not have had this summer."

The brook rippled and murmured at their feet, and the sunlight filtered down upon her through the overhanging canopy of leaves, gently touching her brow and warm red lips, and changing the loose tendrils of her hair into strands of gold which glistened as the breeze stirred them.

"But then," she continued, with a little catch in her voice, "of course it would n't have mattered to you. A genius lives only for his art; he does not realize the other things he's missing every day."

They are very sweet sometimes—those "other things." The brook said so, as it filled the pause which followed with its softest music, and the leaves agreed with it, as they rustled overhead, whispering to each other their memories of the spring-

time. And the lad leaned suddenly forward, with eager, outstretched arms.

"I realize," he said, his voice trembling a little, "at last, beloved, I realize."

The summer waned, and the distant hills assumed an air of mystery as they veiled themselves with the soft September haze; the nearby hills, however, clothed themselves in golden-rod and glowed triumphant rivalry to the changing of the leaf. There had been frost one night, and here and there tender green things bowed beneath its touch, becoming brown and shriveled as if shrinking from their cheerless future. But there was sunshine, too, deeper and more golden than the light of early summer; and everywhere the haze—gray, blue, purple, mystical, and altogether enchanting.

"Winter's coming," she remarked, picking up a yellow leaf.

"Not yet," he protested, "not for a long time yet."

"You like it then—the summer of your disappointment?"

"The summer of my Great Content," he amended, "the beginning of my life."

"Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "think of the years we did n't know each other."

"Wasted years," he replied, contemptuously; "don't talk of them."

The golden-rod swayed in response to the call of the wind, and the soft little curls about her ears stirred also and glittered as the sun touched them.

"The musical prodigy," she suggested, dimpling adorably, "what of him?"

"Dead," he returned, quickly, "dead, and nobody cares. He was n't much of a fellow, after all, with his one idea; you see he did n't know what it meant to live, so it was n't entirely his fault. But I'm glad he is dead."

"The poor genius," she replied, with a slight sigh, "let us bury him."

So they dug a little grave and interred the yellow leaf she held with much pomp and ceremony.

There were other people among the hills; but they were of no consequence. The world was made for two; the sun shone for two; the crescent moon rose for two, and grew gradually larger that they might enjoy it together

"It's been nice, has n't it?" she said, dreamily, one night as the moon hung red and low over the distant hills, "the summer and everything. How I wish it could last."

"There will be other summers," he reminded her, "and it's going to last always, you know."

She drew the ends of her fleecy shawl closer, and shivered a little.

"Every year," he continued, softly, "we'll come back to the hills—you and I, alone together."

"Just now," she interrupted hastily, "the city's calling me. And you, too; there are things for you to do."

A cloud obscured the moon and the breeze freshened, blowing cold and cheerless as it shook the trees, bringing down a shower of dead leaves and swaying the branches until they sighed mournfully. With a sudden quick gesture the girl buried her face in her shawl.

"The summer's gone," she sobbed, "and I'm sorry, sorry, sorry."

The brook was cold and sullen as it crept reluctantly, onward, grumbling disconsolately and shivering in response to the October wind, as if it already felt the hand of winter stretched forth to retard its progress. So it wound its circuitous way with the perfunctory manner of one who performs an uncongenial task, while the lad who had found his Elysium among the hills stood alone beside it, with eyes like a hurt animal which cannot comprehend the reason of its pain.

Deep down within him something weighed heavily; at times it smarted and burned vindictively, and then again ached with a dull, persistent ache impossible to ignore. A mortal generally wanders at least once in his life among the flowery by-ways of Love's paradise; at such times he is prone to believe the world a glorified bower, and to subsist entirely upon nectar and ambrosia. It is difficult for him to understand that his pathway will shortly be clogged with the mire of life and that much of his future diet will be apples of Sodom.

The brook splashed against the rocks, and the lad scowled heavily. It was a deceitful brook. Had it not lied to him



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

"If you had not been disappointed you would not have come here."

with its song of life and its possibilities? After all, what were they—these possibilities?

He checked them off bitterly. Success, love, happiness—bubbles all. One by one they had floated before him, alluring, illusive, and glittering with many hues; one by one they had burst at the touch of his fingers and in their place was emptiness.

The sun went down, a huge red ball, and the autumn twilight gathered. Mechanically he buttoned his coat closer and lay down upon a bed of withered leaves in the shelter of a rock. He wanted to think, but a strange numbness overpowered him. She had gone and the summer was, her note had said, "an episode pleasant to remember but irrevocably closed."

The minutes lengthened into hours. Overhead an owl hooted as it flew from tree to tree with a soft whirr of wings; somewhere on the hillside a fox barked sharply, and a rabbit scampered to his burrow with a quick flourish of little furry legs and an indignant wiggle of a stumpy tail.

In the silence which ensued the brook began to talk, and insensibly the boy listened as he lay wakeful and smarting upon the leaves.

It spoke of many things. Of life which must be lived, hour by hour, day by day, and of all that makes it possible; of happiness; and of the sorrow by which it is sometimes achieved; of the fire of pain, kindled to purify the gold in humanity; and of success, sometimes born of failure, through much suffering.

It spoke of Woman.

When morning broke there was a man beside the brook. A man chilled to the bone by the long October night, and very sore at heart.

Professor Gastrow adjusted his spectacles and looked critically at the figure before him. A figure too pink and white and dainty to accord with the dingy room, with its rigidity of outline and unmistakable lack of feminine occupation.

"I thought you would succeed," he remarked dryly.

She nodded, and smoothed her glove carefully.

"I won't do it again," she said defiantly. "I thought it would be funny, but it was n't."

"No?"

"It was horrid," she continued slowly, "at the end, I mean. He cared so much, you know, and I—well I think I was beginning to care, too."

"Nonsense," he interrupted, irritably; "you were dull, that is what is the matter with you. You have fairly earned your winter abroad, and you shall have it."

"Thank you, father," she returned, composedly. "It was dull among the hills at uncle's until he came. It was a strange thing, though, for you to ask your daughter to do—to deliberately hurt a man. It seems cruel."

"Nothing of the kind," he returned brusquely; "it was necessary. I explained the reason."

He arose, took a violin from the closet and carried it into the adjoining room; opening the dusty case carefully he laid the instrument upon the table, after adjusting the strings to his satisfaction and playing a bar or two with the lingering touch peculiar to a true musician.

"He will be here soon," he remarked, as he returned to his daughter, "you had better go."

But the girl shook her head positively.

"I have a right to see the result of my work," she said soberly.

The afternoon wore on, shadows lengthened outside, and the room grew dim with the gathering dusk.

"It looks," remarked the old man, anxiously, "as if he would not come."

But the girl had recognized a step in the hall without.

"He's here," she said quietly.

Archer entered slowly and glanced with dull, unseeing eyes about the room in which he had worked, dreamed, and hoped, for so many years. By degrees, however, the familiar objects asserted their right to recognition and he felt a dim sense of comfort in their companionship, as well as surprise that they should be still unchanged.

On the table at his elbow lay his violin, and involuntarily his hand wandered toward it. He thought he would return it to its case; music, as well as something



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

"He wants me and I am going to him."

yet more beautiful had gone out of his life forever.

"'Archer, Wilson & Archer, dry goods merchants,'" he said aloud, resting his cheek against the polished wood of the instrument, as his fingers instinctively closed upon the bow.

In the other room the silence deepened. The electric light from the street shone in the window upon the old man and the girl, as they sat listening with strained intentness. They heard the door close, and the movement of the chair into which he flung himself, and then for a long time they heard no more.

At last, very slowly, Archer drew the bow across the strings of the violin.

"It's genius," said Professor Gastrow, in a triumphant whisper. "I was right. It's genius."

But the girl was on her feet, pale and trembling.

"It's the brook," she whispered excitedly, "our brook. Listen. Don't you hear it ripple? Don't you see the water dancing in the sunshine? It's singing to us, and we're there, together—both of us."

She advanced a step uncertainly.

"It's running over pebbles," she continued, breathlessly, "little round white pebbles, don't you see them? Now it's in

the deep, shady places underneath the ferns; now it's dashing against the rocks. It's rippling again, don't you hear it? And we're there, we're there."

The melody was hushed to a whisper, then rose again, passionate, throbbing, sorrowful. She hid her face in her hands.

"He's alone," she said brokenly, "and he does n't understand. He—does n't—understand. He's hurt and angry. It's the brook again, but not our brook. It's saying things. Do you hear them?"

She paused, and Professor Gastrow for the first time concentrated a surprised attention upon his daughter, his glasses pushed back on his forehead and his hands planted firmly upon his knees. She turned and faced him with quivering lips.

"He's lonely," she said, "very, very lonely. He wants me—and I'm going to him."

The violin spoke again in passionate appeal; a long sorrowful note ending in an unmistakable throb of anguish, and she sprang hastily forward.

"I'm coming, dear, I'm coming," she called as she opened the door.

Professor Gastrow thrust his fingers fretfully through his hair until it stood rampantly erect.

"A woman spoils everything," he ejaculated, as the music ceased abruptly.

Cagler's Clean Record

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Policeman Flynn," etc

Alderman Cagler was worried, greatly worried. He stood between the devil of rum and the deep sea of reform, and there was trouble for him on either side. A Sunday-closing ordinance had been introduced in the council. At another time this might not have been so serious, but a great moral wave was sweeping over the city, and Alderman Cagler's ward was deeply moved by the agitation. On the other hand, the alderman could not afford to antagonize the saloon interests. His was not what is known as a saloon ward, but the brewers are powerful in some branches of municipal politics and the

brewers were decidedly aggressive in this matter.

"If I vote against this ordinance," mused Alderman Cagler, "this is my last term in the council. If I vote for the ordinance, I make powerful enemies where I now have friends."

Alderman Cagler's personal interests and inclinations lay with the brewers and their allies. He did not believe in a Sunday-closing law. Furthermore, certain local leaders, whose friendship was of the utmost political importance to him, were violently opposed to it. The brewers are large contributors to campaign funds.



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"Possibly the council did not fully understand the measure."

But Alderman Cagler's ward demanded that such a law be passed, and how does it help a man to hold a brewer if he lose his ward. He had made friends and alliances that promised better things after another term in the council, but this second term was necessary to the success of his plans. And so were the men whom he would antagonize if he voted for the Sunday-closing law.

"Devil take the reformers!" grumbled Alderman Cagler. "They're always mixing in and spoiling things."

To add to the annoyance of the situation, the result did not rest upon his vote. Nothing rested upon his vote except his own future. The reform wave was of such proportions that it carried the wavering along, and there could be no doubt that the Sunday-closing ordinance would be passed, no matter which way he voted. It would have been of some satisfaction, giving him greater personal importance, if the decision rested with him; but the fact that it did not would make neither side more tolerant if he voted "wrong."

"And how can I vote 'right' two opposite ways?" Alderman Cagler asked himself when he had reached this point in his meditations.

This being a crisis in his political life, he finally decided to consult Paul Danby, the political expert. Danby's services

usually came high, but he had studied politics as other men study the law or medicine; he understood human nature, and all the tricks and expedients of history seemed to be at his command. Whenever anything unexpected happened, he investigated the cause, just as an up-to-date physician follows the reports of an interesting and novel case. And his success lay in selecting just the right remedy for the conditions under consideration—not a new remedy, but the old one best suited to the need of the moment. Danby frankly stated that he never had invented a trick in his life, but he knew all that had been tried, and he knew people.

"As I understand it," said Danby, when Cagler finally located him in an obscure corner of a reference library, "you have a clean record so far."

"I have credit marks on all the reform lists," returned Cagler.

"But a vote against this Sunday-closing ordinance will put a large, black blot on your record."

"It will defeat me for re-election," said Cagler gloomily.

"Then keep your record clean," advised Danby.

"You don't understand the situation," explained Cagler. "A vote for this Sunday-closing ordinance will make me all right in my ward, but it will kill me in

other quarters. I don't want to be an alderman all my life; I have a higher ambition than that; and the men who can help me to something better are identified with the liquor interests in this row. Why, they are demanding that I lead the fight."

"What good will it do?"

"None."

"The ordinance is sure to be passed, is n't it?"

"In the present state of public feeling, yes."

"It is not so difficult," said Danby, "to be on both sides of the fence in politics as it is in some of the other affairs of life. In fact, I confess that I find you politicians very obtuse at times, which is a good thing for my business. Suppose you keep your record clean by voting in favor of this ordinance, and then nullify the law a little later. Suppose you explain to your saloon and brewery friends that, if you vote with them now, it will destroy your opportunity to really serve them after the ordinance is passed; that, if they will trust you and give you a little support at the right time, you will fix them up within a few weeks. They can't help seeing that this is their only chance, for, with or without your vote, the ordinance is sure to be passed. They must give you free rein in the matter, and they'll do it."

"Oh, I can fix it with them on that basis," asserted Cagler, "but," doubtfully, "can I deliver the goods?"

"No, you can't," returned Danby, "but you and I together can."

"Without queering myself with the reformers?"

"My dear sir," said Danby wearily, "do I usually bungle things? Either the case is in my hands or it is not."

"It is in your hands," said Cagler promptly. "What am I to do?"

"Make your deal with the liquor people, as I then go in and shout with the reformers. Insist that the law must be stringent, and tell them that you will have a few reform suggestions to make yourself as soon as you are fully conversant with the measure. Then come back to me with a copy of the proposed ordinance."

Cagler was dubious, but he knew that Danby was not a man with whom to argue; he demanded implicit confidence from his

clients, and he had sufficient confidence in himself to make his fees contingent on success. In this case the fee was to be \$500, and it was worth that much to Cagler to win for the liquor men without offending the reformers.

Two days later Alderman Cagler was interviewed on the Sunday-closing measure and he was unqualifiedly for it. His only fear was that it would not be made stringent enough. Similar reforms had been attempted before, and there always had been a loop-hole found in the law when finally passed. He would take pains to see that nothing of this sort happened this time. Incidentally, he thought the time was ripe for some other reforms.

"Alderman Cagler," said the good people, "has a clean record. We were not quite sure of him in this particular matter, and we are glad to see he intends to keep his record spotless."

They consulted with him; they submitted everything to him, and he became practically the leader of the reform fight in this particular matter. For he was a man of considerable strength in the council, and certain of the men whose records were not quite so clean seemed disposed to follow him. This promised to make the majority for reform exceptionally large.

And certain of the men who were wise but not so good winked at certain others who were not so wise, and remarked, "Cagler is all right. We've got the Goo-Goos whip-sawed."

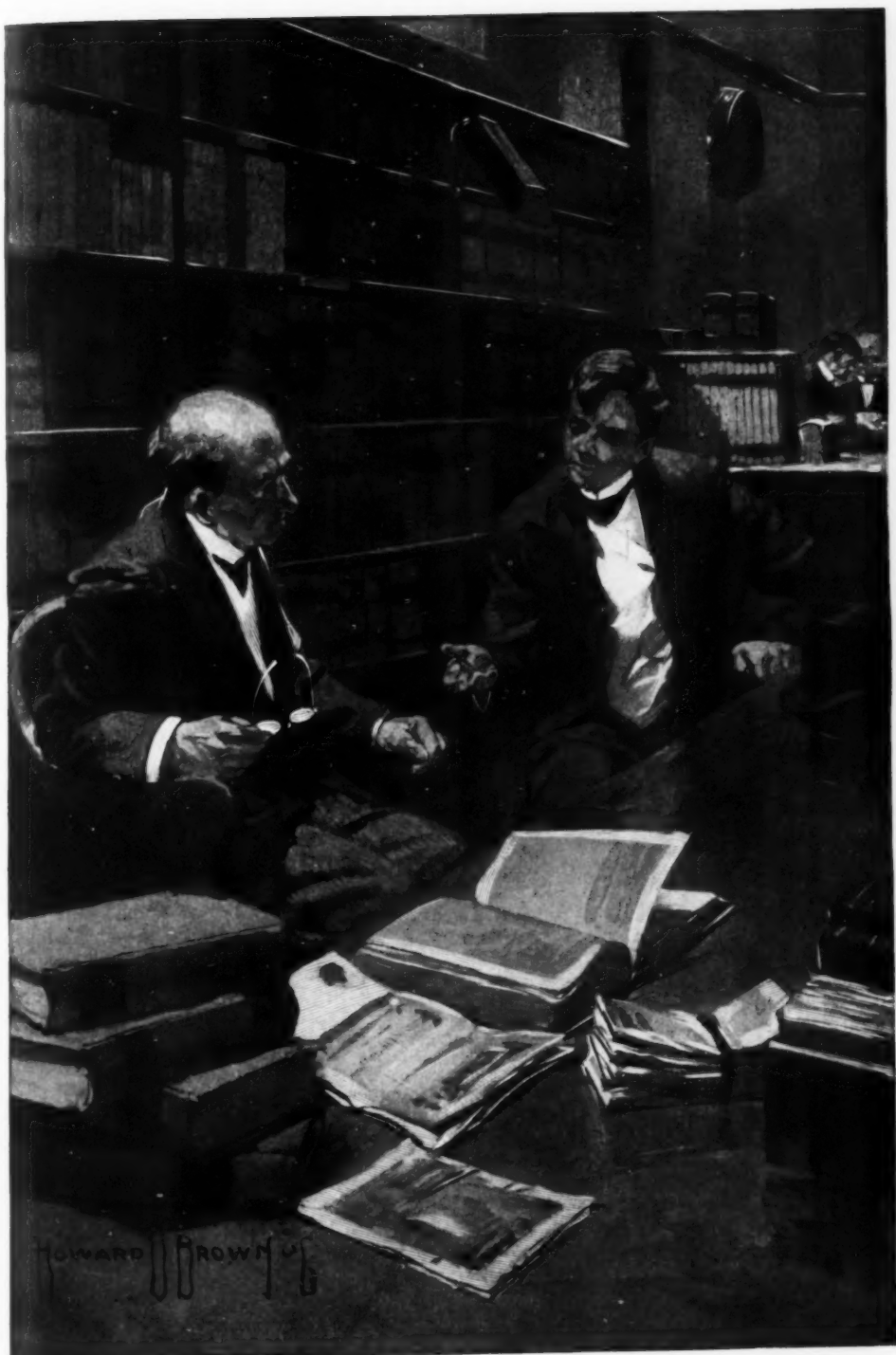
Incidentally, after conference with Danby, Cagler insisted upon certain changes in the proposed law that would make it a little more comprehensive and strict. And he got them. Then the ordinance was passed.

"What next?" asked Cagler of Danby when this was done.

"Well," was the reply, "while some one is discovering that the law just passed closes club buffets as well as saloons, you might get after gambling. I have an ordinance all ready for you."

"There is an ordinance against gambling now," suggested Cagler.

"It does n't quite cover the ground," returned Danby. "It is ineffective. We must have something that really reaches the evil."



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"You don't understand the situation," exclaimed Cagier

"I think I begin to understand," said Cagler thoughtfully.

"So long as the others don't, you are all right," returned Danby. "Just remember that you are a red-hot reformer, and you want to make this a really model town. Enough of your saloon friends must back you up to make this sure. Reformers never can see when they are spoiling a good thing."

"Anything more?" asked Cagler.

"We need," replied Danby, "a more stringent prize-fight law. The one we have does not enable us to get at a class of fights that are held in the guise of boxing matches. We really must make the most of this great moral wave. I have an ordinance prepared, which you will have some one else introduce. It won't do for you to put forward too many reform measures, but you can support them all and keep your record clean." Danby seemed to find a huge joke in the references to a clean record, although his enjoyment of it was quiet.

The two new measures went in the same night, and Cagler spoke warmly in favor of both.

"We must make our reforms thorough," he said. "Nearly every reform law has a loop-hole in it, and there are times when public sentiment will not permit real, drastic reform. Fortunately, the people are now awake to the evils that permeate our city, and it is for us to take advantage of the present state of the public conscience.

For a long time I have awaited the opportunity to do what we are now doing, but I could see that the city was not ready for it. At last, however, the movement is started; let us push it along."

The reformers were wild with enthusiasm, but certain others feared that the thing was going too far and would soon be beyond control. Cagler, however, assured them that the period of reform would be extremely limited.

"But," they protested, "the saloons are closed Sundays now, and pretty soon everything else will be tied up tight."

"On the contrary," returned Cagler, quoting Danby, "everything will be wide open. Stick to me. I don't need you now, for the reform element is strong enough to carry these measures through, but I'll need you later."

And, grumbling, they obeyed, while Cagler was hailed as the greatest champion of a moral city that ever had appeared in the council. He even was asked to address a meeting of ministers and various reform associations, and he stirred them to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

But he was beginning to be somewhat worried himself.

"I think I understand the game," he told Danby, "but it's risky, and I'd like to see the end of it. I'll be mobbed, if I fail."

"Well," returned Danby nonchalantly, "while they are discovering that our new gambling law will hit progressive euchre,



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"How am I to vote right two opposite ways?"

grab-bags, and everything else in which there is an element of chance, and that our new prize fight law will interfere seriously with some features of gymnasium exhibitions at the swell athletic clubs, suppose we get after the Sunday theaters and the sacred concerts. I have prepared an ordinance requiring that the programs of all public Sunday concerts shall be submitted to a committee of parsons and church organists, who shall have the power to cross out any number that they do not consider sacred music."

There was something so ridiculous in this that Cagler had to laugh, in spite of the fact that it did not seem to make his own predicament any the less serious.

"That would be a royal joke," he said, "but we never can pass any such law. Even the reformers would n't stand for that."

"Some of them will," insisted Danby. "It's just the kind of a thing to appeal to some of them, and your liquor friends must furnish enough additional votes to put it through. You can argue that a reformer who won't vote for such a measure is insincere. If you work it right, you can put the thing through."

"I suppose I can," returned Cagler thoughtfully, "but the theater law is out of the question."

"The theater law," said Danby, "will stir up a nasty fight, and that is sufficient for our purpose, but the sacred concert measure must go through. That is reasonable, for it does n't seek to abolish the concerts, and it will split the reform element. Have you overlooked that?"

"That's just what it will do!" exclaimed Cagler.

"And you can see that a split is going to be a good thing?"

"Sure. But I don't see how it is going to kill the Sunday-closing law, which is the thing we are after."

"You are very obtuse," said Danby wearily. "Go ahead with these ordinances, and then you might arrange to have me interviewed. I'm an entirely disinterested authority on legislation, you know."

"And after that?"

"After that I don't think there will be any trouble."

Cagler was still reasonably certain that he understood the plan in a general way, but he had to confess that some of the details puzzled him; he could not see how success was to be gained as quickly as was necessary. Nevertheless, he followed instructions, and the fight that resulted in the council was a merry one. The sacred concert measure did not suit some of the reformers at all, and it did not suit a large part of the population. Others thought the dawn of the millennium was at hand. The newspapers took up the question, and "letters to the editor" became numerous and warm. But many of the aldermen who had previously opposed reform came valiantly to the rescue.

"If we're going in for this sort of thing," they said, "let's see it through. There is no use stopping half way."

And the ordinance was put through by a combination of reform and anti-reform votes. The theater measure, however, did more than make the "nasty row" that Danby had predicted. It had some strong advocates, but public sentiment was against it. The papers became satirical and sarcastic; the humorists pictured the future of the city when all the blue laws were resurrected, and it was gravely suggested that the committee of parsons and church organists be called upon to censor the Sunday papers and decide what books might be read that day.

It was in the midst of this row that Danby was interviewed upon the whole subject of recent reform legislation.

"I have n't given the matter any particular thought until now," he said, "but these laws are extraordinarily comprehensive and certainly should give us a model city. I believe you newspaper men already have discovered that the gambling law covers shaking dice for the cigars and such trivial and common things as that, but have you noticed that it reaches the little games played in the privacy of our best clubs? Any man with a grudge could make trouble for almost any club. Indeed, it is made the duty of the police to investigate wherever there is a suspicion of gambling. It puts the ban of the law on games played for prizes in private houses, and trouble could be made for the



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

He stirred them to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

church fair that has a fish-pond. It is a most extraordinary law when one gets down to the real meaning of it.

"The Sunday-closing law is almost as extraordinary. It is intended, of course, to hit the saloons, but it unquestionably

covers club cafés and every other place where drinks are served. Then, too, the prize fight law would get the amateur who boxes for a medal as well as the man who fights for money. The sacred concert law is an absurdity, as the papers have clearly

demonstrated, so I need n't say anything about that; but, taking them all together, it looks as if the whole city were tied up pretty tight. In fact, any one of us is likely to get hit while we're not looking, and our personal freedom and proper pleasures are most seriously curtailed. I don't see how the council ever happened to pass such absurd laws."

"Possibly," suggested the reporter, "the council did not fully understand the measures."

"They are very adroitly drawn," admitted Danby. "One could easily read them without appreciating how comprehensive they are, unless he had reason to give them very careful consideration. Indeed, it is quite possible that they go further than the men who prepared them intended. It is certain, however, that they hit out in all directions. Why, the gambling law will even reach my wife's whist club, where a trifling prize is provided for the winners, and I could be arrested for playing a game of billiards upon which nothing depended except the price of the game. The more I study the laws, the more sweeping they seem. I don't believe they can be enforced. The administration that tried to really enforce

them would be run out of town. They are legislative monstrosities, all of them."

When the reporter had departed, Danby sent for Cagler.

"Tell your saloon friends to say nothing, but to open up next Sunday just as if nothing had happened," he instructed. "No one is going to bother them."

"Why not?" asked Cagler.

"Because we have now got so much reform that no one can agitate the matter without danger of getting hit himself. We are all in a position to hit back if any one interferes with us. It has taken a little time, but you've got what you wanted, and your record is clean. You made such a gallant fight that they'll be inviting you to take the pulpit somewhere."

"You certainly are a wonder!" exclaimed Cagler.

"Not at all," returned Danby. "It's an old trick to reform a reform out of existence, although it usually is not done as deliberately and methodically as we have done it in this instance. Reformers, as a rule, are the most short-sighted people on earth, and consequently it's a simple matter to get them to overplay their own game. That's one of the reasons we have so many dead-letter laws in our municipal code."

The Chevalier of the Golden Coin

BY LEO CRANE

Author of "The Bear and the Berg," etc.

The rains had ceased. The sky was a new screen, flooded with pale sunshine, and wrinkled by merry clouds. It was Springtime. The fresh fragrance of purity was about. The turf was soft and yielding. A clear whiteness danced in the clean air, giving it the sparkle of wine. New birds piped amid new leaves. Old Winter had skurried away before these young delights as an imp from prayers. Thin wisps of smoke, winding upward in fragile delicacy, showed where the old garments of a past drear season were being burned.

Faron had come across country, walking. Lured on by new tints and the clear call of the open, he had extended his usual

stroll into quite a journey. The road, twisting its half-dry length into strange regions, invited onward until he had gotten fairly out of bounds. On the one side stretched away a field, on the other ran the fence of a private wood. Faron looked about him for some indication of the shortest cut to Linganore, the village at which he had stopped, and which he knew to be off somewhere on his right. From the field a philosophic-looking cow regarded him doubtfully.

"Lost, by Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, and then with a little laugh, adding, "Almost lost, if not quite—well."

Then suddenly, he caught the quick rustling sounds of running. It was close

by. He glanced around. A second later, a boy, breathless, his face red, his shirt torn by brambles, brushed through a thicket and into view. With swift darting glances the boy picked out a good place at which to scale the fence. Seeing Faron, however, he halted.

"Say, mister," he blurted out, his voice choking with excitement, "you aint a doctor."

Faron hoped he was a doctor. For several years he had posed as a most successful specialist, and his fame was growing. But the boy's flat denial of his ambition took him somewhat aback.

"Indeed I am," he protested, his eyes twinkling.

"Say! By crimony!" cried the boy in evident relief, "aint this luck, just! A doctor! Where's yer night bell? There's a man knocked out over here—yer wanted." All this came from him in a running sentence, nervously. He jerked his head violently to one side indicating the direction.

"A sick man?"

"I'll show yer—quick, though. Stir yer stumps lively. Say! it's like findin' money to collar yeh. But don't yeh get set for a fee, 'cause it's Charlie."

Faron had slowly struggled over the fence, and now stood gasping.

"Who's Charlie, may I ask?" he panted.

"Criminy! I thought everybody knew Charlie. He's—why he's Charlie, that's all. That's all I know about him. Lots o' folks come to see him, though. Say! he's an old un, you just bet. 'Bout time for him to cash in."

Faron looked at the boy in mild amazement. This was a queer product for the country. He stared at the little spike face in an effort to make him out. There was about the boy a quick, nervous manner, a keen sense of the alert, which is not the endowment of a countryside. Nature creates broadly—it is Man that fills in the intricacies of character and fitful humor. The doubting, almost sly, air affected by the ignorant plowboy was entirely wanting in this trig little figure. The boy was crisply frank, and with a pointed clarity of expression. He seldom hesitated for a word, and his vocabulary was largely slang

—the slang of the city, the *patois* of the curb. He was a puzzle.

"Charlie's a real antique," continued Faron's strange guide, hurrying on. "An' gee! but he is old, though. Yeh know he fought in the war."

"Well, he does n't have to be an aged wonder to have accomplished that," said Faron, amusedly.

The boy turned about to look at him in a pitying way.

"Aint yeh never heard of more 'n one war? Crimony! There's the war wot happened 'round this country—an' that was n't no game of pinochle. Then there's the Davy Crockett war, which was a peach. But Charlie, he fought at a place across the water—place named after some sailor's daughter."

"Sailor's daughter?"

"Sure it was! Lemme see. Ol' Boney had got to be boss, an' then the heelers sold him out. Water Lou, that's the place."

Faron stopped short and stared at the boy doubtfully.

"You don't mean — Waterloo!" he gasped. "Gad! this man must be as old as the hills."

"He is old, take my word for it," assured the boy, solemnly. "Why, he's weak—an' his pipes are all worn out bad."

"His what?" questioned Faron carefully, whose knowledge of medical phraseology had not embraced "pipes."

"Pipes. Say! don't yeh know what pipes are? Chubes. Valves. Look here, where'd yeh come from, anyway, cully? D' yeh ever buy a gold brick?"

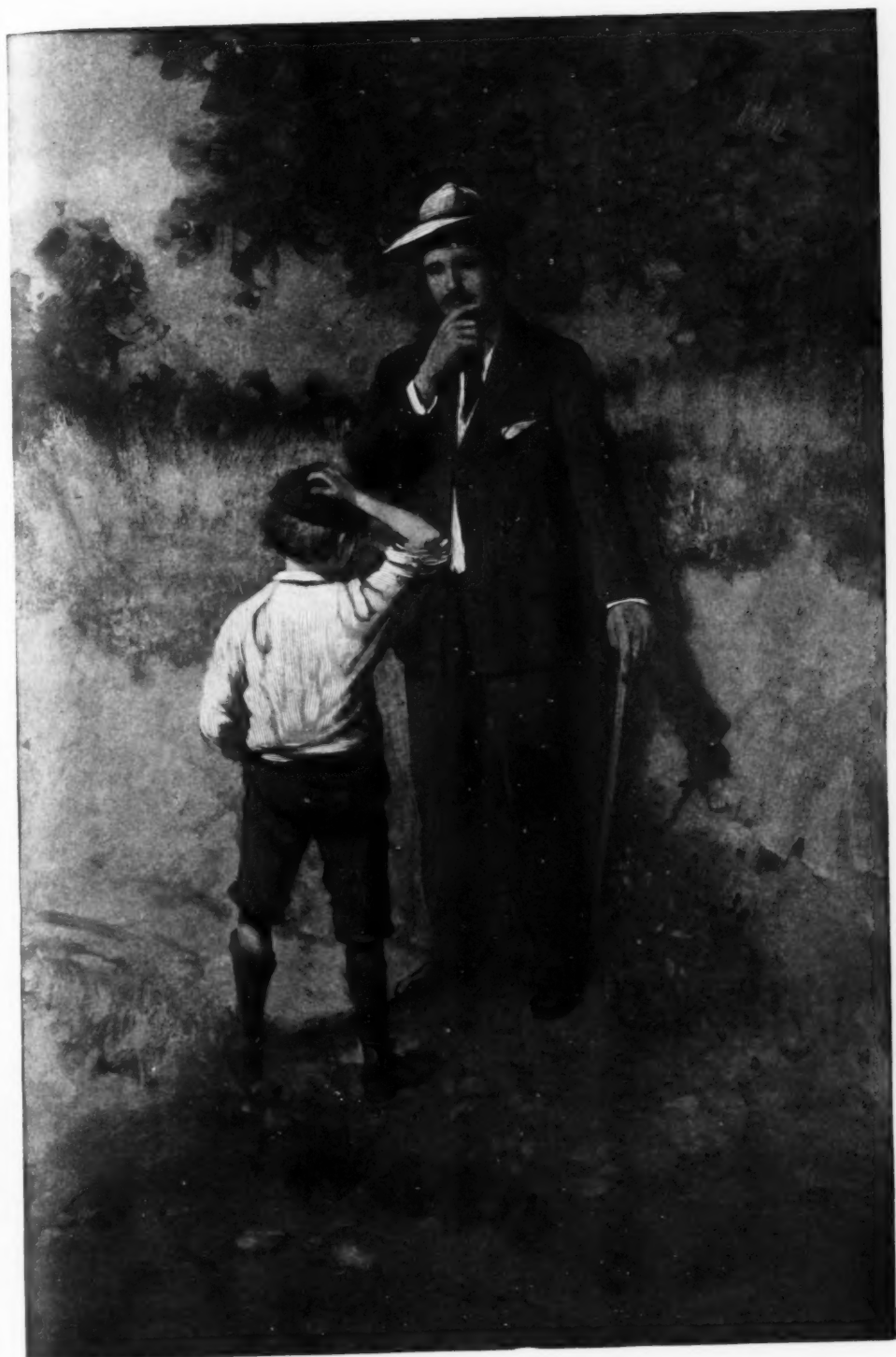
"Where did you come from?" sternly demanded Faron in his turn, fairly bewildered.

"Lower Broadway!" answered the boy glibly.

"Bless my soul! A Fresh Air boy?"

"That's just it, mister, but put on the second clutch for speed now, 'cause Charlie's bad."

They hurried into the thicker wood. The boy led the way, dodging about tree trunks, and amid slender growth as he no doubt did through city crowds. Faron, who had not been particularly interested in this adventure at first, was now eager to follow. The doctor was of French origin,



DRAWN BY HAROLD BETTS

"Say, mister," he blurted out, "you aint a doctor."

and was as well a student of French history. Napoleon had been his schoolboy idol, and was yet the admiration of his barbaric manhood. The romances bought by Faron were those telling of "the little man in the gray cloak," and he had marched many weary miles with the conqueror in the magic land of Fancy. The Campaign of the Hundred Days he knew as if he had been there to see. The stricken field at Waterloo, the stubborn retirement of the vanquished Caesar, the betrayal into exile, were to him the chapters of a tragedy, the massive gloom of which had reached even into his day. But the things themselves had been thrust into the remorseless Past, even before his birth. Men were but men, and Conquerors no more. They lived, they died. Who can define the difference between that Imperial clod interred at the Invalides, and that bit of Russian soil into which have crumbled a Guardsman's bones? They were all dead to Faron, mute, miserably silent. But—yonder was a man, dying perhaps, who had known them living. Faron saved his breath and plunged ahead through the liars.

Then they came to a twilight glade, in which bubbled a spring. Beside it sat an old man, his hair long and white, his face having once again assumed that childish expression of perfect peace and innocence which little children lose at the acquisition of bitter knowledge. Of these two, the street boy was the elder.

Faron bent over the old man, and found the heart action to be like the peck of a dying bird.

"Say!" whispered the boy, a mystery in his tone, "is he a gon-er? Criminy!"

"Mighty close call for him," responded the doctor, hopefully. "But we'll get him through all right."

The boy looked at him gratefully.

"Say! Doc, you're the cheese!"

They did pull the old man round, Faron working as he had never before. He wanted to preserve this chapter of French history for his own selfish reading. The man was very, very old. That he may have fought at Waterloo was not a foolish assertion, and the doctor did not scoff. His being a veteran of the American Mexican war entitled him to a place in an insti-

tution close by, and to this place they carried him in a wagon secured from a neighboring farmer, who personally was anxiously sorry for old Charlie and who pulled his whiskers reflectively.

A small village clustered about the precincts of the soldiers' retreat. It was a quiet spot, sweet in the blooms of old-fashioned flowers. Faron directed that certain medicines be procured for the patient. He spoke to the house doctor crisply:

"With your permission, I shall watch this case myself. I am Dominique Faron, Hopkins man, you know. Enjoying a little vacation trip in this country. I shall move my traps over to the village in the morning, and be on the ground."

With proper deference to a Hopkins man the other doctor assented. He ventured a question—

"What do you think of the old fellow?"

"The case is interesting, very interesting," replied Faron simply, vaguely. But he was not thinking of the action of the heart. His thoughts had traveled far away to the ancient farmhouse of Hougemont, and the last great charge of the Old Guard. He could hear the low beat, beat, of the thousand hoofs, and the distant roar of battle; he could see the rhythmic rise of the riding troops, and the gleam of crested helmets; and when the thick, pungent smoke would be tossed fitfully aside, his fancy caught a somber figure, a stoop-shouldered man seated upon a white horse, his chin crushed into his breast, watching the vigil of an eagle—silent, emotionless. Faron was aroused from this by the low voice of the house doctor, saying:

"He is very old, though, very old. We cannot expect too much of him. He carried a gun at Waterloo—and he claims to have known the Emperor."

"What!"

Faron started violently.

"So he says—he—"

"On second thought," interrupted Faron, almost rudely, decisively, "I shall remain here to watch him through the night. Always with your permission."

"Of course, doctor, of course, of course."

Faron did not see the boy again for three days. All during that time he had attended the old man closely. The attack of heart failure had been an exhaustive one, and the aged soldier did not respond quickly. Once, when he had seemed to be sinking into the Eternal Abyss, a queer expression of admiration and dignified regard crossed his face. His thin lips muttered the one word: "Sire."

With this single goad to his curiosity, Faron had composed himself. It was indeed a confirmation, though it carried with it the possibility of tragic disappointment. What if he should die without further speech? Faron dared not consider it.

But at last, with a wonderful vigor, old Charlie managed to rally. On this third day Faron had brought the veteran to quite his former condition, but he knew that in any event the end of this Imperial memoir was not far distant.

Feeling the need of a little exercise, the doctor stepped out for a walk through the village. It was a small place. Before five minutes had passed, he met the boy walking with a young woman, near the village end. A look of pleased recognition crossed the lad's sharply-featured face, but no boisterous greeting did he give Faron. Instead, he drew himself up rather proudly and made known the fact that his companion was Miss Fielding.

Faron thought he recognized Miss Fielding, and said so. In strict truth, he knew he did. He had often seen her in the city, and this was not singular, as his work embraced a number of charity cases. When last they had met it was just outside the door of a poor apartment where lay an old man, dying. They had passed in the hallway.

"I am so happy to know Miss Fielding," said the doctor, smiling pleasantly and extending his hand. The girl in her turn was momentarily surprised and confused. She could think of nothing to say which would be appropriate, and made a compromise by asking:

"Did he die?"

The doctor intuitively knew that she referred to the old man of the tenement, replied:

"He died that night."

"Say!" broke out the boy, excitedly, all his reserve vanishing, "Dum it all, Doc—yeh don't mean that Charlie's dead, d' yeh?"

At this the doctor coughed and Miss Fielding looked painfully amused. The boy became covered with contrite confusion.

"No, no," explained Faron quietly, "not Charlie—another old fellow."

The boy looked from one to the other. "Yeh knew her before," he exclaimed, the brightness of his face clouding. It was very plain to be seen that the child felt keenly the chagrin.

His little exploit as master of the ceremonies was a failure. He edged around after a little, when they were walking on, and, catching the doctor's attention when the lady was not looking their way, whispered earnestly from behind his hand:

"Say, Doc, she's all right."

And Faron nodded that he, too, believed in this. In fact, Faron was indebted to the boy in a way which must be without expression. He was only too glad of the charming little incident bringing them, the girl and himself, together once again. He had not seen her for a long time, and his appetite for her fresh face was keenly whetted by his former curious interest in her. He considered himself rather fortunate in being enabled to renew his slight acquaintance with her, and he blessed the Fates, in the guise of a gutter-snipe and a veteran, which had brought them to this quiet and almost forgotten Arcadia. He remembered the girl's reticence in the city, which amounted almost to timidity, and so he hastened with ready masculine diplomacy to interest her in the one principal thing of interest to himself.

"I have a very strange patient at the Home," he said. "Perhaps, after your walk, you might like to meet a very old soldier. He's really a—"

"Oh! you mean Charlie? Yes, I know him," she replied with a smile. "He seems to like me very much. He's a dear old man, don't you think so, doctor? Doctor?"

"Faron," he suggested.

She nodded pleasantly, and then, speaking to the boy, said: "Shall we go to call on Charlie?"

"Well, I guess," he answered eagerly. "When?"

"Let's this afternoon. Yes, and that will give us time to get the cakes."

"I shall expect you then," said Faron.

"Don't you buy Charlie any cakes," called out the boy. "That's our graft."

"Cakes?" asked the doctor, pausing and raising his brows in mild inquiry. The idea of associating cakes and the veteran was indeed puzzling. But Miss Fielding explained.

"Charlie loves sugar cakes. We always take him a bag of them."

"With icin' on 'em," added the boy, his eyes beaming with enthusiasm.

Faron laughed. "I shall be happy to receive you and your cakes, with icin' on 'em," he assured his new friends with mock gravity, immediately after going away briskly. But when he came to the turn of the path, again he looked back at the two figures in the sunlit woodland road way. There was something very sweet and attractive in the slender figure of the woman, something of the countryside's own early freshness and youth. He had not noticed this charm on the occasions of their former meetings, in darkened evilly smelling hallways, the vestibules of a city's miseries. With her widely spreading hat, the simple spray of flowers gracing it, shading a face of rare simplicity, she was indeed a fitting subject for a young man's Spring-time reverie. Faron hesitated a moment before going on, casually rooting the turf with his boot, his thoughts running in strange sequence. He sighed, an earnest light in his dark eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed softly, "Miss Fielding! By Jove!"

When Faron again entered the old soldier's room, he found his patient somewhat brighter and more ambitious to talk.

"The doctor tells me—" he piped seriously.

"I'm your doctor," said Faron, bent on humoring him.

"But I meant the other one."

"Oh, well, we'll not worry about him at all. Just listen to me. I've a bit of news for you," and Faron sat down near him, seeking to encourage his interest in things other than doctors and their drugs.

"As I was coming along the street a short time ago—"

"Yes, yes," shrilled the old man, his eyes becoming as two brightly polished beads.

"I met a lady, who said she intended calling on you soon, and she said she would bring some—"

"Cakes!" cried the old soldier.

"Cakes," repeated Faron, "Yes, I believe she did say something about cakes—sugar cakes."

"With icin' on 'em?" queried the other.

"That's right, you've hit it again. She said—"

But the old man was not listening now. He sat in deep meditation, as if gravely considering something. Finally he motioned the doctor to come closer. He whispered:

"She's a fine lady, a fine, fine lady. She brings me cakes every time, nice icin' cakes. Yes, I like her, she's good to me. An' you'll like her, too, yes, you will, 'cause you're just alike, the two of yeh. Listen! the other doctor here, he's sparked on her; yes," cackled the old gossip, indulging in a chuckle until a doubtful wheeze threatened. "It's the truth," he grinned, recovering slowly from the cough. "He's fair gone on her, fair gone. But don't you let that worry you," he concluded with some gravity and spirit.

The fact is, this mention of such a possibility had worried Faron not a little. The old man's words had cost him as many moments of uneasiness, but he put aside his petty annoyance and waited for the solution propounded. It came slowly, accompanied by shakes of his long skinny finger. "Don't you worry," said the veteran, gleefully. "Lor' bless yer, she don't care for that feller."

"Ah!" exclaimed Faron, a smile coming to his face. "But then, I could n't help it if she did like this other fellow." Faron could now afford to be diffident. "He seems to be a good sort, and—"

The old man choked out his disapproval of this sentiment. "No he aint! No, he aint. I won't subscribe to thet. He gives me such—such stuff, Achh! Such rotten stuff! It tastes like horse whiskey!"

"Horse whiskey!" cried Faron, laughing.



DRAWN BY HAROLD BETTS

The Chevalier

"That's the kind we rubbed horses with in the army days."

"Of course, of course," agreed Faron, seizing his cue, "you were in the army, weren't you?"

"Army!" proudly replied the old man, holding his thin bent shoulders a trifle more rigid. "I'll tell you—sometime. Mebbe when she comes. Yes, then my throat 'll feel more like talkin'. I fought at Waterloo. An' what's more, Sir, whether yeh believe it or no, I stood guard over the Emperor at St. Helena."

Faron stared at this, his eyes bright with questions, his lips hardly daring to frame them. Old Charlie thought he had the slightest doubt. He fumbled with his hand beneath his pillow, and tremblingly drew out a worn leather wallet. From this he slowly produced a piece of chamois-skin, unwrapping it. Something bright dropped into his wrinkled hand. He held it out, a shaking evidence.

"Look!" he quavered proudly. "From the Emperor's own hand. He gave me thet. He did—" Old Charlie's voice dwindled down to a whisper: "He—the Emperor."

It was a gold Napoleon.

The lady did not come until next day. By that time Charlie had insisted on getting to his feet. About the floor he tottered for a little time, from his armchair to the window and back again. Once he almost fell asprawl, and Faron was compelled to be stern.

"See here," he lectured him, "you have been a soldier. Can't you obey orders any better than that?"

"Pardon, Sir," whimpered the old fellow, looking as if he feared a greater reproof. "I—I forgot, Sir. You're right, Sir. Soldiers is soldiers, an' orders is orders, Sir." He brought his withered hand up to the salute, making it with the grand and lengthy sweep of the old school. There was no flippancy about this soldier's acknowledgement of his superior officer. It was masterly to see him, a remnant of that horde which fought for the world, and wept for worthy foeman.

Charlie went to his chair, and humbly sat him down. A noise on the stair caused him to perk up a little. A weak smile came to his face.

"That's her," he said nodding, and instantly forgetting his one-time discipline. "That 'll be her, sure enough; an' she'll hev' 'em—"

He had half swung about, expectantly, when the door was flung wide by the boy, and the delegation with cakes entered.

"Hev' yeh got 'em!" called the old man, reaching out his thin, twitching hands. "Cakes!" he cried out inquiringly. The lady extended a bag toward him, the capacious mouth of which was already open. A moment later, the pride of the old campaigns was entirely gone, lost in a bag of sweets. Old Charlie sat munching the icing-coated dainties. The others exchanged greetings.

"Say, Doc, I went all the way to Lingapore for them cakes. Fact. Six mile, you bet. There aint many I'd do that for, 'cept mebbe you—or her." There was a deal of emphasis on the "her" quarter of the sentence. "She giv' me the coin, an' I hot foots it over there for the cakes. Say! aint she all the goods, eh? She gives me this fer goin'." The boy held up a quarter of a dollar, so that Faron might feast his eyes. Suddenly it slipped from his fingers to the floor.

"What's that?" called out old Charlie, quitting even his cakes on hearing the metal ring. Quickly he thrust his hand into an inner pocket to feel of the wallet. His precious coin was safe, and a bright look overspread his childish face. Then he espied the quarter, white and shining, on the other side of the room.

"There," he said, pointing to it, "just like that he dropped it—the Emperor."

Weakly, he braced himself to his feet. The cakes were forgotten in the hurried rush of memory. From out the long dead past emerged a pageant of people of a grand but dead *régime*. The old man stood smiling, watching them in review, lacqueys and marshals, soldiers and courtiers, statesmen, adventurers, rogues; men and women, dominated by a single huge personality, a vast array with one majestic figure at the fore. Across the floor the old man tottered unsteadily. Caught by a whim, he paused before Miss Fielding, and with some grace touched her beneath the chin, saying:

"He used to do that, too, when he saw

a pretty girl, an' he would say to 'em, for he was a man o' parts: 'So, little sweetheart, will you marry me?'"

The old man hesitated for the first time, a look of strange concern growing manifest. A confidence seemed to be trembling on his lips. He spoke to Miss Fielding as a father might.

"Don't yeh ever marry that doctor wot gives me that mean stuff. Achh! it's poison he gives me." Lowering his voice to a harsh whisper, he said, looking stealthily about at Faron, "He's the one for yeh. He's worth yeh."

The girl blushed, visibly; the old man cackled; the boy grinned. Doctor Faron was seemingly engaged in looking at something out of the window. It was very silly of him, too, for there was nothing of importance in the village street.

But immediately the greater thought came to the veteran, and again he picked up the thread of his one historical incident. Time had not dimmed his recollection of that immense figure which had so dominated the world of his youth; that man, spoken of by some as a monster, by others as a god; ruling at one time a world, a woman, a soldier, or a child; the sternest, the most magnetic, the greatest man of his age. They listened while Charlie spoke of these things.

"I—I was seventeen at Waterloo—I fought them, fought him, for I was an English boy. Yes—then we went aboard ship for a long time. We knew he was defeated, beaten, lost; then he came to the ship—he came there—"

He paused for a moment's thought. He seemed ashamed of something, something which had to be explained.

"I did n't know him then. I hated him, for I was an English boy. Yes, I was English. I had been taught to hate him. We took him away off—to an island in the sea. It was a Gawdfersaken place, lonely, dreary, a rock between the gray of the sky and the gray of the sea. Then we stood guard. We watched him. A long time we watched him. I can't remember now how long, just. He used to walk about, an' look over the cliffs at the sea. He was like a child penned up. He wanted to get away, away—an' there was always the hungry sea watching him, hemming

him in. He used to play with these things, carried 'em in his pocket." The old man drew out his wallet, and produced again the golden coin—his decoration. As if weighing its wealth of memories he held it.

"He gave that to me; wait, I'll tell yeh. He liked the soldiers, but whenever he would stop to speak, the man he spoke to was marked. That man was removed from his post, next guard. That man was sent on board ship. He never came back to guard the Emperor. They were afraid; afraid he would make friends. An' nobody—nobody could help bein' his friend. He had eyes, eyes like—like—He would look at yeh; after that, yeh did n't care no more 'bout the English. He was a little man, too—for I was over six feet, and big with it, an' I was as straight as a tree.

"But they were afraid o' him. They watched him all the time. In the trees, they had built wooden towers, an' the officers would watch him from there when he walked about. An' when he'd stop to speak to a sentry, next day there'd be a new man. They could n't trust us. After awhile he, too, got to know this. He stopped talkin'. An' he'd walk 'round, sayin' nothin'; thinkin' mebbe, an' lookin' out to sea. His face got sad-like, an' his eyes, too.

"One day, I sees him comin' toward me. A long way off he was, but I could see him comin', his breeches white in the sun. When he passed, I salutes. I could salute in them days. An' he walked on a piece, not noticin' anything. Then he comes back slowly, his hands behind him. So, when he passes, I must salute again, for he was the Emperor. He never looked toward me; no, but he says soft an' quiet,

'Good, good, my brave fellow,' an' he drops that coin. 'For the wife,' says he, softlike. An' at the turn o' the pathway, he halts. I paces down once, and back, passin' the coin. I picked it up. A Napoleon; that one; that very one!"

His voice had grown husky.

"An' when I turned about, he was lookin' at me, smiling. He had eyes—eyes like. . . ." The old man waved his hand despairingly. He was smiling. "Som'thing begins to draw me—here," and he struck his breast with his clinched

hand. Then, "Gawd ha' mercy on me, but I was English, yet I'd ha' gone through hell for him. He did not say a word, but he looked at me . . . like . . . like no Englishman had ever looked at me. He was the Emperor. *Vive l'Empereur!* . . ."

Old Charlie waved his hand, and his thin voice trembled in the cry. The coin dropped from his fingers. For the instant he staggered back weakly, but he caught himself with a false strength at the sound of the falling gold piece, and, peering for it, slowly moved forward, groping with his hand intently, blind to all else. His fingers clutched it feverishly. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he turned, and with a mechanical precision, born of the days of drill, went through the movement of "present arms." Slowly he did this, as if on parade, but Faron saw that it was not for them. Another, a silent one, a shadow, stood close by, watching. Slowly, painfully, the old man's arms dropped to his sides; his eyes were staring; his lips moving audibly in strange words. Then he dropped down into his chair.

Faron bent over him, anxiously, wondering if he had not allowed this bit of dumb show to go too far. Old Charlie murmured something and motioned toward the girl. She came to him. He fumbled the fingers of one hand into the other, touching, indicating the coin, the heavy piece of gold, his honorable decoration.

"For you . . ." he whispered, faintly, "for you . . . for your wedding ring."

His half-closed eyes turned from her white face to the doctor, and back again. Old Charlie smiled. Then a look of great endeavor swept across his features. With a struggle he sat bolt upright, his eyes wide and startled, his lips blue, his thin hand twitching, slowly, mechanically rising to his temple, palm out, in the old salute.

"Sire," he murmured, a convulsive shudder shaking him.

Faron reached across the chair, and with a firm hand turned Miss Fielding away, to the window. The boy stood there, his little face drawn and white.

"Say, Doc!" he gasped, with a dry sob.

"Hush!" said Faron, softly. "The Chevalier is dead."

For the Adornment of a Nipa Wall

BY LEFA FIELD HUBBELL

Author of "The Capitulation of Cheston," etc.

It was only a bedraggled, weather-worn, and much-faded little flag, but it had seen better days. From proudly crowning the highest gable of a shattered block-house on San Juan Hill, where it was unfurled in glorious victory and flapped its frenzied defiance to a fleeing foe, it had passed through many harrowing experiences, finally to float peacefully from a bamboo pole in front of a headquarters building in obscure South Mindanao. Like a veteran of many wars, it bore the jagged scars of battle, and from conquering one people it had gone to civilize another. Occasionally, the monsoon from the Celebes Sea would blow youthful vigor into its faded folds, and it would inflate with pride and stand erect, then die down again, weary with the weight of years, and subside into drooping lassitude.

It was full of reminiscences. It had seen many battles that were not fought between rival nations—battles between man and self; battles between inclination and conscience, between starvation and dogged will, between moral courage and physical cowardice. Poor little flag—with the once starry eyes, now faded and bleary with wise old age—what tales could it not tell!

Every day, for a past year, between reveille and retreat—no longer the fiery reveille that had once wakened it from carefully folded slumber to eager pursuit of the enemy, but the listless bugle-call that summoned the soldiers to a day of languid inertia—it had mounted its post, with the rising sun, and looked sadly down upon the broad shoulders of a man who, always, promptly with the stroke of eight,

would walk briskly from his *nipa* quarters, on one side of the street, to the more pretentious building, with white and blue board walls and corrugated iron roof, on the opposite side; and he never passed the battle-scarred flag without pausing for a moment, with bared head and a reminiscent shadow in his eyes—for they had seen happier days together. The old flag would always perk up, just a little, in a weak endeavor to wave a friendly fold; then the man would pass on and ascend the steps of the headquarters, building. Strange things would ensue; from peaceful quiet, all would become bustle and excitement. Copper-skinned people, gaudily bedecked with bright *patadiones* and grotesque head-dresses of scarlet and orange, and adorned with brazen and tinkling amulets and tiny bells, would form a steady stream in and out, out and in, all through the long, hot day.

An inglorious life enough it seemed to the dejected flag; but that was because it did not know the laurel that wreathes the brow of patience is not less glorious than that which the conquering hero wears. But there were many things it did not know. It did not know why it was that a man who had stormed a fortress at El Caney could live peacefully in the same quarters with a man who, at the sight of his own shadow, had hidden behind a fallen tree at La Guasima. But, perhaps, the San Juan man did not know that; there were many things that he did not know, too.

To begin with, he did not know why it was that, everywhere he looked, whether it was at the papers on his desk or the clouds of smoke from his cigar, at the flag unfurled from the slender staff or the crimson glow in the west, he seemed always to see a girl's sweet face with a pair of laughing eyes. But, then, that had been only for a week past; only since the post had been glorified by the presence of a young woman who was as fresh and fragrant as a new-blown flower, and quite as dainty, too, though she had typhoon qualities that blew the fragrance right through you in a wholesome sort of way. He had observed that, by the way she had swept every obstacle from her path, in establishing in two days the school that every officer

in the post had predicted would not be in operation for at least six weeks. Nor had she asked assistance from them, either, though they had been prepared for a bombardment. She had simply marched ahead like a little soldier, and acted independently of them all. And now, every morning, little Miss Higgins wended her coral-paved way past the headquarters, building to the *nipa*-thatched school-house perched in the air on high, fig-tree stilts, with a brisk, business-like stride that was almost mannish.

"But just wait until she hears a shot!" said Captain Gunther, the La Guasima man, commanding officer of the post. He laughed confidently. "She'll be hanging to our coat-tails then. Wait till she sees a python in her path, and a few of our choice centipedes. Won't she come down off her high horse then? Before she has been here a month she'll be wanting us to keep a guard over her house, night and day."

"Well, if you will change places with me," said Captain Spencer, the hero of San Juan, recently appointed governor of the district, "and give me the disposal of your men, she may have a whole company, if she wants it; and I'll do guard duty myself, if it will make her feel any easier. What is it, Stuart?" he asked, as an orderly appeared in the door with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"A telegram for Captain Gunther, sir," the soldier replied. He presented the message, stood at attention, and waited.

Gunther read:

Word received from Outpost No. 3 that your post might be attacked tonight by organized forces of Moros armed with *campilans*, *crises*, and a few rifles. Nothing in sight at this hour.

SERGEANT HANNIGAN,
Com'd'g Outpost No. 1.

"All right, Stuart," Gunther said, turning to the orderly. "No answer."

He tossed the message to Spencer. "Same old story—post to be attacked. Another 'battle of wasted ammunition,' I suppose. But it won't do any harm to put on the double guard, as usual—they may mean it some time, and surprise us."

"Yes, they did once, you remember, and got a little surprise themselves."

They both laughed heartily at the recollection of the surprise.

"In case there might—accidently—be something in it, though," Gunther began, hesitatingly, "don't you think—would n't it be better—don't you think I ought to put a sentinel over the school-teacher's quarters? It would n't do any harm, you know. We don't want the Moros to come in and carry her off as a hostage; it would make us no end of trouble. Now that she is here, I feel that it is incumbent upon us to protect her. I'll just drop around and see her—no, I'll send an official communication, and tell her that, 'in pursuance of articles so-and-so of the G. O., for the safety and protection of the Americans in the post, it is deemed wise to place a sentinel over her quarters to guard her from any possible danger; that she may sleep in peace, secure in the knowledge that full protection will be given her.' There; how does that sound?"

"I should think that would be all right."

Gunther called his clerk, and had the communication type-written and dispatched forthwith.

The orderly returned a few minutes later, just as Gunther and Spencer were sitting down to dinner, and handed the commanding officer a daintily enveloped missive written in a large, frank style.

He tore off the cover wonderingly, and read:

Miss Higgins is grateful to the commanding officer for his proffered protection, his thoughtfulness, and his kind consideration for her safety and welfare, but begs that he will not trouble himself to be too deeply concerned, nor impoverish the strength of his guard elsewhere by taking a man from it to do duty over her quarters. Miss Higgins is not a coward; and if the Moros should attack her house, she knows how to shoot.

"Well!" Gunther gasped. "The impudent little wretch!" He read the letter aloud to Spencer.

Spencer burst out laughing. "That's a joke on you, captain. Now what are you going to do?"

Gunther pondered, puzzled. "Well, I don't know." He took up the letter and read it through again, punctuating the words with smiles and grunts.

"Going to let the man go on guard?" Spencer asked, amused.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do! I'll just test her boasted bravado and see how much there is in it. I hope the Moros do attack the post tonight, and that they have some pretty loud-cracking rifles, too. Well! She certainly does n't look that kind. She struck me as being especially feminine and timid; but perhaps she was only shy. Let's have something on that, captain." He reached for the bottle of Scotch.

But just then there came an ominous rumble and a slight but rapidly increasing vibration of the earth. His hand fell from the bottle and his hair stood on end. It was an earthquake!—the kind Mindanao is famous for. There was a creak, a heave, a crash, and every thing went—in a different direction. The board doors slammed shut viciously; the crude pine bookcase took an erratic notion to disgorge its weight of military learning; glass bottles, tin dishes, and earthen pots crashed; the hanging-lamp became facetious and began to dance a fantastic jig over their heads, to the blood-curdling accompaniment of tom-toms which hung on the wall and beat their bronze backs against the board partition in savage glee; everything rollable rolled, even to the table, which slid over to the window and leaned part-way out and, in the language of the Orient, took "a look-see."

Both officers sprang to their feet instantly and made a wild dash for something to cling to for support, to keep them from being flung to the floor and becoming a part of the *mélange*. Then, amid the most appalling aggregation of creakings and rumblings, slidings and crashings, the house made a last leaping effort to turn a double somersault—and failed, settling down with dull groans. Dogs barked; hens cackled; roosters crowed; children cried; and people yelled and screamed, in five different languages: English, Spanish, Chinese, Moro, and Visayan. And it was all over.

The hanging-lamp still swung, pendulum-like, describing a course two feet across, and the tom-toms still beat their brazen backs against the wall—but it was all over.

Spencer stood gazing stupidly across the room at the bewildered Gunther.

"Ye gods!" he exclaimed. "Talk

about earthquakes! What a shake-up!"

"It was as if everything animate and inanimate had suddenly gone mad, or some colossal terrier had the earth by the nape of the neck trying to shake off its parasites!" Gunther gasped. He snatched his hat from the debris on the floor, and started out, muttering:

"Here's where I make a hit with the school-teacher. She may not want my guard, but I'll bet she'll be glad enough to see one of her own countrymen at this minute. You'd better send the *medico* after me; she'll probably be in a dead faint and need resuscitating."

He hurried through the crowd of chattering, scared natives, down the long, palm-shaded street, and up a short flight of steps that led to Miss Higgins' abode.

The door stood open, and he looked in, anxiously, still breathless with fright.

There she sat, as calm and quiet as you please—reading!

She glanced up and smiled when she saw Gunther in the door.

"Good evening, Captain Gunther," she said, as she rose. "Won't you come in? But I must apologize for the appearance of my house. I thought I'd wait and let the boys clean things in the morning."

"What is the matter?" she asked abruptly, observing the whiteness of his countenance and his ill-concealed excitement.

"The matter!" he ejaculated, glaring at her as if he thought her demented. "Did n't you feel that earthquake?"

"Oh—the earthquake!" She laughed enchantingly. "Yes, of course I felt it; you can tell by the appearance of my house. Was n't it interesting?"

"Interesting!" he gasped. "Weren't you afraid?"

"Afraid of what—the earthquake?"

She laughed again; he was positive she was laughing at him.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," he said, with painful politeness. "No, thank you, I won't come in now; just stopped to see if there is anything the military may do for you. If you need any commissaries or quartermaster supplies—" and adding something about the barracks, he made an ignominious retreat.

The next evening as Spencer was taking

his *paseo*, a shot was fired close behind him, and when he turned, whipping out his Mauser, a handful of Moros rushed at him from behind a clump of bamboo bushes, flourishing their *crises* and *campilans* and yelling in fanatical madness. He was cornered, and there was nothing to do but fight. A faint smile flickered in the corners of his mouth; he knew the value of his weapon, and was confident of his skill in handling it. The first shots he fired over their heads, hoping to scare them away; but when he saw they meant really to attack him and were almost upon him, he watched them drop, one by one, face downward, as he pulled the trigger and sent his bullets into their brown flesh. Khaki-clothed soldiers were running toward him, and a crowd of natives gathered curious and excited. Spencer instructed a man to have the five wounded Moros carried away, and, fastening his Mauser back in its wooden holster, started home, when he suddenly bethought himself that he was near Miss Higgins' quarters, and wondered if she had witnessed his little target practice.

He glanced up at the wide window framed with dainty white curtains, and saw a smiling face flashing approval and heard a sweet voice say:

"Bravo! I just shot in time, did n't I?"

"You what?" he asked, stopping.

"Why, I saw them hiding in the bamboo—had been watching them for an hour—and when I saw them stealing up behind you, I thought I would confuse them and warn you at the same time, so I fired the shot."

"Oh! you did!" He was too surprised for intelligent comment, but added: "Why did n't you fire at the Moros? or did you?"

"No, indeed; I left that for you to do—I wanted to see if you could. But I had my revolver ready, you see," and she held up a small, pearl-handled pistol, little more than a toy.

"Thank you," said the doughty Spencer, smiling. "I see I need not have feared annihilation," and, tipping his hat, he walked thoughtfully home.

"Spencer," Gunther said, after the governor had related his little experience and they had had a hearty laugh over it, "we can't let this thing go on, you know."

It won't do to let an insignificant little slip of a girl sit by and laugh at us. We've got to take some of that sham bravado out of her, somehow. It won't do, I tell you."

"What do you propose doing?" Spencer asked, interested. "You'd better leave her alone. I'm half-inclined to believe she will get the better of you, if you try any games on her. She has red hair!" he cautioned.

"I have n't decided what I'll do; I'll think it over."

"You'd better take my advice—"

But Captain Gunther was not the man to take anybody's advice. Besides, he was not a little disturbed; he did n't much relish being laughed at, especially, as he said, "by a slip of a girl," and even if he did have designs on her. For it had not required long for him to determine that her cosey little home, with its airy Swiss curtains and wicker furniture, its pretty, white enameled book-shelves and cabinets, was a very desirable place to spend a lonely half-hour, now and then.

Indeed, when he compared the air of civilized domesticity that clung about her place, to the bare bachelor apartments that he and Spencer occupied—with their cupboards of rough commissary boxes, and tin dishes, and pewter knives and forks, and tin can for a sugar-bowl—the desire to be a welcome visitor to her little fairyland became feverish and all-consuming; it bothered him so he could not work. He wanted to be friends with her and, possibly, be invited to sit at the attractive little table, with the gleaming white linen cloth, that he had noticed as he passed her dining-room. But he felt confident that this would never be, so long as she saw allowed to "sit back and laugh at him." He was annoyed, too, when he reflected that though she had laughed at Spencer too, she had never seen a look of fear in his eyes—he knew that no one would ever see that.

"I'll call on her this afternoon," he determined, "before Spencer does. I know he can't go, because he has that delegation of Moros to get rid of. I'll have the first chance to show my friendliness."

Accordingly, he attired himself with fastidious care, donning his whitest, crisp-

est uniform embellished with gilt insignia that he had had his *muchacho* polishing for an hour, and, to make an added impression, he carried a carabao-horn swagger-stick, with which he tapped on the *salangi* wall beside the open door of her house. He wore not only his brightest insignia, but his brightest smile, and his spirits were effervescing and bubbling over, as he tapped once, lightly; the second time, the swagger-stick beat an airy tattoo; the third time, he frowned with impatience—suppose she were not at home; and, finally, he stepped forward and looked into the artistic little *sala*. There was no Miss Higgins there. He rapped with his knuckles, on the hard-wood frame of the door, and a sleepy *muchacho* appeared.

"Miss Higgins?" Gunther said, sweetly.

"Not got. Has got gone with horse."

"Gone horse-back riding?" Gunther asked, fretfully. "Where to? Does n't she know that it is all her life is worth to go a hundred feet outside the post?"

"Have told her to no go," replied the *muchacho*, with a grin. "But she say no has got scare. *Seguro*, Tamaco."

"Tomaco!" Gunther clapped his cap on his head and sprang down the steps two at a time.

"She's gone to Tamaco, the little idiot!" he exclaimed to Spencer as he rushed into their quarters, where Spencer sat engrossed in a year-old magazine which he knew by heart, even to the patent-medicine advertisements.

"Where's my *muchacho*? Paterno! Paterno, get my horse!"

"Going after her?" Spencer inquired, casually.

"I ought to—don't you think so? Besides, it is my one chance of turning the tables on her and seeing her frightened. She won't go fifty feet into that forest between here and Tamaco; and when I see her coming back, afraid to proceed, I'll make her own to it. Don't you think I ought to, after the way she laughed at my fright over the earthquake?"

"You ought to place a detachment of soldiers at her disposal, for these little trips. It is certainly dangerous for her to be running around alone, that way."

"Well, I'll make it a point to do that."

He was hastily changing his white uni-

form for a khaki coat and riding breeches.

"I'll go with her, myself, this time, if she is still in the mood after I meet her coming back. And I might as well kill two birds with one stone—I'll take that bridge-appropriation money to Tamaco with me. It's pretty heavy, but I guess I can manage it, and I'll be glad to get the bunglesome stuff out of the safe."

"Good idea; she won't think you are over-concerned in her welfare." And he added, to himself: "I wish I had some government employees to pay off. Well, she's here for three years, and she can't get away; I may have a chance, yet."

Gunther took the heavy sack of Conants from the safe and handed it to his boy, with a *poncha*, and his Mauser, and belt of ammunition. He secured the money to the pommel of his saddle, threw the rain-coat across the horse, put on his belt and Mauser, and was off.

"In case I don't turn up by—say, 7 o'clock, you'd better have my adjutant send a detachment out after me," he called back.

"Oh, all right, captain." He laughed, good-humoredly. "But she'll clear the way for you; you may find a string of dead savages, but I don't think you'll meet with any disaster, so long as she went before."

The road to Tamaco leads through a dense jungle-forest, where giant trees, unknown in any other part of the world, pierce the sky at a dizzy height; where a thick damp growth, impenetrable because of centuries of interwoven mammoth vines that are crossed and knotted and wound in every direction, covers the ground and extends far up into the branches of the trees. Beautiful *bijuco* palms, and cyclopean lilies with spotted stalks shooting through the tangle of verdure and bursting into waxy bloom, pierce the greedy shroud; exquisite orchids, long-swinging and sweetly fragrant, splash the dull green with gorgeous color; wonderful ferns and still more wonderful mosses hang from the molded balconies and flying-buttress walls of immense *mamacua* trees—any one of which would shelter in its enormous wings and capacious chambers an Alexandrian army. Monkeys chatter in the

branches overhead, iguanas rend the stillness of the air with their hoarse croakings, tiny lizards shoot across the path, flying animals—unknown by name—house with huge bats in the upper branches of the trees and stare down at you with gigantic eyes, as you pass along the slender path—a path which you feel rather than see, for it is hard to travel, and is overgrown with a dank vegetation that springs up in a night. No ray of sunshine ever penetrates the dense canopy of foliage overhead and within a foot of you might be concealed a host of Moros, and you would never know it until you felt their sharp blades.

Gunther dived into the great, black forest as did Huldebrand of old, to win a lady's favor. There is something appalling about a deep, dark wood, even to the bravest—which he was not; one conjures all sorts of horrors from the distant surge of the sea or the lilt of a leaping cataract, or even from the soft tinkling of a forest bell-bird or the low grunt of the wild boar.

"It is nothing," Gunther said to himself, as a twig cracked somewhere in deep shadow—but his spirits fell several degrees. "Bah! man, where is your nerve? And where, oh, where on earth is that girl?"

He whistled to keep up his courage and drive away the snakes, and rode on as rapidly as possible; but the overhanging vines, covered with thorns like grappling-hooks and tiny stickers that tormented almost to madness, impeded his progress not a little. He was obliged to ride with his hunting-knife in one hand, slashing at the vines as he moved forward. He could not see a sign of a hoof-print, but the weeds that covered the path were firm and springy and would not retain an impression long, he reflected. He would surely meet her coming back soon.

Presently it began to rain, a soft, drippy drizzle that leaked through the trees above and glazed the surrounding verdure, but did not seem really to decide to condense into respectable drops. It annoyed Gunther, partly because it seemed to make everything so frightfully still and tense, and partly because he remembered that the Moros had a *penchant* for marauding in wet weather. He even thought he

heard something moving stealthily in the *boscage* at one side of the path. He drew his horse up, and listened; but **all** was still again. He moved on, a little pale, perhaps, but with under-lip thrust out doggedly. Anyway, he would not turn back; she had gone that way, and he would not fail where a weak and reckless woman had succeeded.

Suddenly, he heard a loud yell—the kind he had often heard before the Moros attacked a camp. Cold perspiration burst from his forehead, and he whipped his horse up and dashed ahead into a little clearing. But as the horse sprang forward, something went r-r-rip!—and down went all the precious Conants in a glittering shower about the horse's feet!

Six hundred and fifty *pesos*! And government money, too. He would have to stop and gather it all up—and there was n't a single coin in sight; all had sunk into the mesh of tangled vegetation beside the path. At that moment there was another yell, long, and loud, and curdling. It might be a Moro hunter; he remembered a small village of Moro tree-houses, somewhere near there. But that yell was frightful! Hang the money!—he would rather lose every *peso* of it than stop to gather it up; he would rather make it up from his private purse.

He pushed ahead, paler than ever, regretful, reluctant, but determined. Great heavens! He had not thought of it before. Suppose Miss Higgins had been captured by a band of Moros! He could almost see them dragging her up one of those awful notched-pole ladders into a cage-like tree-house sixty feet in the air. Why did n't she scream? He had a notion to call out, himself, so she would know that help was near. He inflated his lungs with deep inspiration and prepared to shout aloud, when, suddenly, he became aware of footsteps—stealthy, bare feet they were too; he was sure of that—in the thicket at one side of the path. He reached for his Mauser, and waited, breathless, gazing intently through the only interstice near. Almost immediately he caught a glimpse of something red—a Moro turban!—there was no doubt about that. A cold chill shivered obliquely through him, up his spine to the roots of

his thin tan hair. The splotch of scarlet moved, and seemed to be coming toward him.

Should he shoot, or dash ahead, or turn around? It was impossible to tell how many Moros there were hidden there. To shoot would be but to direct them to where he was; to dash ahead would be to plunge into their midst, perhaps; to turn about—no, he could n't do that; Spencer would laugh at him to the end of his days. If he could only hide! If he could only wither and blow away! Oh, for the enchanted flying-rug of Oriental lore!

He sat as still as the dead tree-trunk before him, wondering what he should do. But he did not have long to think. Almost at his horse's head two gaudy turbans sprang out of the brush and two pairs of savage eyes glared at him. White as a tomb-stone, he gasped, drew his horse's nose up and whirled him around, and urged him on—on—regardless of hanging vines covered with thorns, careless of the clinking coins the iron hoofs beat into the ground, hearing only the crash of timber behind him as his enemies pursued, forgetful of clothes, soon bedraggled and full of burs and stickers, and stung by a cloud of ferocious wild bees, he tore on—on—conscious of the pursuers behind him, but he dared not look back; one cautionless moment and he might be swept from his saddle by a long-swinging vine. White, and staring like a madman, he reached the edge of the forest, where he almost ran over Spencer, who, walking briskly, was taking his afternoon *paseo*.

"Well!" Spencer exclaimed, looking up and perceiving the limp and inert Gunther. He glanced past him, in a puzzled way, and back again into Gunther's terrified face. "Is this the way you go out to escort young ladies to their desired destination? You're not very gallant—it looks more as if you were running away from her."

Gunther halted his horse and turned round in his saddle, gasping: "Lord, what an experience! I've been chased by a band of Moros!"

He stopped, gulped down something in his throat, and seemed to shrivel to half his original size and almost fell from his saddle as he saw what emerged from the

fringe of the forest at that moment—for, coming behind him at a lively canter was Miss Higgins! Her face was all pink and white and wonderful, like the orchids she carried, and her glorious hair flew about her face in a tangled mass that was full of dried leaves and moss-tendrils. And behind her, some distance back, came two bronze-visaged Moros with scarlet-and-orange turbans, carrying armfuls of orchids and ferns, too. Gunther recognized them at a glance, and groaned.

"Was that you?" she asked sweetly, as she rode up. "My Moros said it was *el capitán*, but I thought they must be mistaken; thought it was certainly some soldier, so did not call—all I could see was a glimpse of khaki—"

Spencer held his sides and roared. The truth dawning upon Miss Higgins, she laughed, too.

But Gunther glared at them, drew himself up defiantly, and grunted:

"Humph! The next time I go out to—to—to take money to Tamaco, I'll shout my name as I go along. I'd like to have you understand, Miss Higgins, that when you feel inclined to go scampering through the forest, I'll have a detail of men to go with you; I should n't care to have anything happen to you while you're stationed in my post."

"What is going to happen to me?" she asked, laughing. "You don't need to poke off a lot of clumsy men on me; what do men know about where to find orchids and ferns? Now my Moros here," she smiled eloquently, adorably, "and you ought to see them climb."

"I can climb, too," Spencer said quickly, as she handed him an especially beautiful flower to look at. "I wish you'd take me with you, some time."

"I'd love to," she replied. They were

moving slowly toward the center of the post. "I'm going again tomorrow; it is Sunday, you know, and no school."

"My holiday, too. May I go?"

"You certainly may. We'll take a lunch and stay all day."

Gunther groaned, muttered an apology about the condition of his clothes, and rode off ahead of them.

As Miss Higgins and Spencer neared the headquarters building, the first note of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sounding. Miss Higgins drew up her horse and stood still, while Spencer removed his campaign hat and held it over his throbbing heart, as all the soldiers and officers in the *plaza* were doing. For a moment they faced the setting sun, while the little flag came slowly down, hugging the slender staff for the very happiness of the new tale it would have to tell.

"That poor little flag!" Spencer said, as he saw it carefully folded and taken inside the office. "We'll have to get a new one—it will fall to pieces soon, and my trophy will be scattered to the winds."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes. The post flag was accidentally burned, some time ago, and we've been using this ever since."

"I'll give you a nice, great big new one to put up on your flag-staff, if you'll tell me about this one some time. I love to hear all the thrilling adventures old flags have been through. I have quite a collection of old flags on my wall."

Spencer blushed like a girl, and spoke to a soldier behind him, who disappeared and presently came back with the torn and tattered flag. Spencer took it, looked it over lovingly for a moment, and then handed it up to Miss Higgins.

"It is yours," he said, very softly. "I'll tell you its history this evening, if I may."



DRAWN BY AUGUST PETRYL

Each step was taking him further from the Kingdom

The Golden Chalice

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

Co-Authors of "The Shulamite," etc

"Ah, the beautiful chalice," the old curé murmured softly to himself, then touched the golden chalice with tender, reverent fingers, fingers that brushed almost as lightly as a butterfly's wing. He bestowed such passionate admiration on the one beautiful object his little chapel boasted, the small gray chapel that stood within the sound and roar of the sea.

He was almost like a child in his pathetic worship of the chalice, so proud to show it to any strangers who chanced to come to the little Brittany village, so vigilant in his care of it.

He was standing in the sacristy of the chapel, a small bare room, with a high window commanding a fine view of the shore, and a long line of distant breakers.

It was a cold April afternoon, and a gray mist was beginning to rise, and the sea looked gray, too. Great billows were rolling in upon each other, flecked with white foam, and the wind was making a faint and desolate moaning.

Père Joseph lifted the chalice from the oak table on which it was standing and locked it carefully away in a cupboard built to one side of the wall, the key of which always hung on a black ribbon round his neck. Not that the old man

feared for one second that any of his flock would commit sacrilege and steal the sacred vessel, but he considered it was more respectful, more what should be—to take great and special care of it.

He smiled to himself as he remembered how much Baron Metenach had admired the chalice that afternoon. The tall, lean Austrian who appeared to be so wealthy, and who had taken the sudden caprice into his head to stop at the little village which had chanced to please him as he dashed through it in his motor. The baron had put up at the small inn which had never been honored by the patronage of such a guest before, and had stayed on from day to day, pleased with the simplicity around him. This afternoon he had informed Père Joseph of his intention to depart on the morrow. That was while the old curé was showing off the little chapel, apologising for the paucity of its plenishings by pleading the poverty of his flock.

"But we have something to show you all the same," he had exclaimed with modest pride, just as the lean man with the flashing black eyes and gray hair was about to take his departure. "A chalice of gold over four hundred years old, or so we all

believe. The work of some great Italian goldsmith, it was presented to our little chapel by some wealthy *seigneur* whose bones have long since crumbled into dust; whose very name, I fear me, is forgotten."

Baron Metenach glanced up with some interest. He had only wandered into the humble chapel to pass an idle half hour, little dreaming that he would find anything worth looking at.

But at this mention of the golden chalice, he pricked his ears, for he was devoted to the art of the silversmith. His collection of old silver was world-famed, and he thought nothing of paying fabulous sums for any vessels of silver and gold which took his fancy.

He had started in keen surprise when Père Joseph showed him the chalice. This was, indeed, a rare and wonderful specimen of a bygone art, for what modern man could be found who could turn out anything so beautiful, so matchless, as this cup of wonderful curves and marvellous carving?

He said little to Père Joseph, for he was a man of few words, but the curé had not been blind to the admiration in the other's face, and he had experienced the same tender joy that a mother feels when her offspring is admired before her eyes.

"You know this is worth a large sum of money, I suppose?" Baron Metenach observed, glancing very keenly at the curé.

"You could buy some fine new images and the altar cloths you lack, with the price that any one who admires such things would give you for this chalice."

Smiling, Père Joseph gently shook his head.

"There are some things which it would be a sacrilege to sell," he murmured, "a crime before God."

Then he had taken his way to the sacristy, carrying the precious vessel in his hands. That was over half an hour ago. He had been busy, meanwhile, looking over some old parchments, but now it was time to be thinking of getting home, for good Babette, his worthy housekeeper, would be displeased and uneasy over his absence. Just as Père Joseph turned to depart he gazed out of the window, wondering if he need take his big cotton umbrella, for he feared that rain might be coming.

The gentle old man uttered a sharp cry as he started out and then clenched his hands tightly. He understood now why Baron Metenach had elected to stay at the primitive Brittany village. It was Marie, the charming maid servant of the inn who had attracted his notice. Marie, the prettiest girl in the district—and the best.

"The wolf—the black evil hearted wolf," Père Joseph muttered. A wave of angry crimson flooded his thin face, and his eyes flashed with frosty fire.

Marie was standing close to the edge of the sea, in earnest converse with the man quite old enough to be her father, but who was staring at her ardently and passionately, with the same glittering and covetous expression in his eyes that had come when he had gazed at the golden chalice.

She was a pretty girl, with her deep blue eyes, pure fresh coloring, and marvelous black hair. She was slight, too, and held herself with a curious grace. Perhaps in the dim, unknown past, some proud *seigneur* had loved, in lawless fashion, a peasant girl who had borne him a child. For there was little doubt that blue blood flowed in Marie's veins. The very way she carried her head proved this, and her little brown hands and feet, though hardened with toil, were of a slim and exquisite shape.

"She should not listen to him—Marie should not listen," Père Joseph's lips trembled and a quiver passed over his face, for was not Marie betrothed to young Pierre Barin, the honest lad who was getting on so well in Paris; Pierre, the only son of the village notary, worthy and respected Monsieur Barin. There was no doubt that Pierre had stooped a little from his station in getting betrothed to Marie, who was, after all, only the adopted daughter and niece of an innkeeper. But then the girl was so beautiful, and beauty in every age has had special claims and privileges.

"Marie should go home. It is wrong of the girl to let the baron speak to her. Ah, and now he has even seized her hand."

Père Joseph could hardly control himself. The longing was on the frail old man to dash out and confront the couple; to seize Baron Metenach by the throat. But, after all, he reflected, it would be

better to let Marie defend herself and prove of what mettle she was made. For like the Vicar of Wakefield, of whom he had never heard, Père Joseph thought nothing of the virtue which requires special guardianship.

Suddenly the girl wrenched her fingers from her companion's clasp, and the old curé noticed how Marie drew herself up to her full height. He rejoiced over the scornful way she threw back her head, and a smile of extreme satisfaction stole over his face when her little brown hand suddenly flashed out to descend with stinging force on Baron Metenach's cheek.

"It is well. *La petite* is true to herself. There is no reason to be afraid for Marie."

Père Joseph beamed with complacency, and rubbed his hands together with slow satisfaction as he watched Marie turn proudly away, and step rapidly forward in the direction of the chapel, leaving Baron Metenach standing alone upon the shore, his dark eyes fixed on the long line of breakers. He looked a thin and sinister figure seen through the gathering mist, a hawk bird of evil omen.

"She is coming here; she is coming to tell the old man all about it," so Père Joseph murmured with gentle pleasure, for he dearly loved to be the confidant of his flock, the man to whom the whole community turned for help and advice. He was beloved by all who knew him, and no wonder, for no holier or kinder soul existed on God's earth; not but what the old man could show a stern face towards impenitent sinners, and utter burning words to those who chose to scoff at sacred things.

"May I come in?" Marie tapped at the sacristy door; there was a note of agitation in her voice.

Père Joseph threw open the door himself.

"Enter, little one," he said softly; then as he noticed the girl's pale cheeks and blazing eyes he added in low tones, "I know what you have come to tell me, my child. I saw the way that evil-hearted man seized your hand. Well, well, you have given him the proper answer."

"Do you know what he dared to suggest, *mon pere*?" Marie raised a white troubled face. "That he should take me away in his mo or with him? He spoke of bring-

ing me out upon the stage; he promised me jewels, fine dresses, a luxuriously furnished house. I did not know," she added, "that men could be so wicked."

"There—there," muttered the old man, patting her tenderly on her shoulder, "forget what has passed, Marie. As for Baron Metenach, God will punish him in his own good time for having dared to tempt one of his little ones to offend."

"Pierre would kill the baron if he knew," Marie flashed the words out; her bosom was still heaving passionately. Her eyes looked dark and dangerous. "He has been persecuting me, the hateful wretch, since the first day he came to the inn," she continued, "telling me I am beautiful and all that, and asking me if I were not tired of working hard all day, and would not like to lead the life a fine lady leads. But I never thought, I never imagined," she raised her hands, "that it would come to this. I shall feel myself ashamed—oh, for years."

"No, no, there is no need to feel ashamed," protested the curé. "You should rather be glad that you have been given a chance to show yourself a pure, good girl. And now, Marie, I will walk back with you to the inn," he went on gently. "And you must not see this man alone again. Thank God, he departs tomorrow."

"Shall I tell my uncle?" Marie raised inquiring eyes.

"No, I don't think so," returned Père Joseph; "there would only be high words and a terrible scene perhaps, and the baron out of revenge, might make trouble in the future. No, Marie, we will try and forget all that has happened and talk of Pierre as we walk home together. When did you last hear from the brave lad, and when is the wedding to be?"

Marie blushed delightfully; it was evident that she was deeply in love.

"Pierre? I heard from him only yesterday, and he is getting on splendidly."

"They have given him the post of cashier at the bank. He is no longer one of the clerks." She spoke with delicious pride.

"And this promotion means an increase of salary, I suppose," Père Joseph remarked with a chuckle. "Ah, how these young men work and get on when there is



DRAWN BY AUGUST PETRYL

"Can I let Pierre die?" she muttered,

a girl in the question. It won't be long now before you go to Paris, Marie, and reign as mistress over a snug little home."

"Next year," the girl answered softly. A very tender and beautiful expression flitted over her face as she spoke, and Père Joseph realised, as he trudged by her side down the steep stony path which led back to the village of Auvergne, that Marie was dreaming of those three beautiful things that every woman desires: The love of a husband, her own warm fireside, and the pattering of little feet.

He did not disturb her dreams and reflections. Let her think of the happy future ahead and forget the ugly scene she had just passed through; forget that vice had dared to assail her innocence, and tempt her with its gold.

He said good bye to her with peculiar fondness when they reached the little inn, and made the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

"May the Blessed Virgin always have you in Her keeping," he murmured with gentle serenity. "Good night, my child, God bless you."

He thought a good deal about the girl as he made his slow way home, this little Marie whom he had known from her earliest childhood, and his heart was hot and resentful against Baron Metenach. Also he wondered, in vague dreamy fashion, how it was that God allowed such men to live, and flourish.

"I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree."

He quoted the words aloud.

"Oh, how long, Lord, how long?" he entreated, "is the tyranny of evil to last? Shall there not come a day when the world shall be washed clean again, and be pure and beautiful as it was in the beginning? A day when sin shall spread her wings and fly away to some dark place of half forgotten sorrows, and there shall be no more talk of evil and wrong, neither shall the grapes be sour grapes, nor the figs thistles."

A curious luminous glow came over the old man's face as these thoughts flitted across his mind, and Babette, who opened the door to her master's knock gazed at him with a feeling akin to awe. For she

had an intense respect and reverence for him. She had been his housekeeper now for nearly fifteen years and was proud of the position.

"To dwell in the same house as Monsieur le Curé makes one feel oneself not so far away from the Kingdom of Heaven," was a frequent declaration of hers, and though she often ventured to blame Père Joseph for his indiscriminate charity towards all who asked, yet it pleased the worthy woman to be able to relate that no hungry soul was ever turned away from the doors, and that no poor conscience-stricken sinner need fear to knock and enter.

"*Tiens.* There is a visitor to see you." So Babette announced, a broad smile lighting up her face, "and not one of the usual kind either; no beggar, forsooth." She placed her big work hardened hands on her hips and surveyed Père Joseph with a kindly smile. How thin and transparent he looked, and shabby his old cassock was, for Père Joseph was never one to spend a *centime* upon himself when others were in want. His hand was ever in the oak money chest he kept in his room, but not a coin drawn from thence did he spend on himself.

"A visitor? For me?" inquired the curé. He flushed a little. Had Count Roaul de Fontaine, lord of the *château* returned, or might it be that some brother cleric was honoring him with a visit. His look expressed so much surprise that Babette hastened to give him the information he sought.

"'Tis Baron Metenach," she exclaimed, "the wealthy baron who has been staying at Jules Pasteur's inn. I have shown him into the study and lit a fire."

"Baron Metenach!" Père Joseph muttered the words aloud, an inscrutable look coming into his face, a stern expression into his eyes.

"Very well," he said, "very well." Then he crossed the hall and made his way, taking firm and determined steps, to the poorly furnished study where Baron Metenach was awaiting him.

All that was gentle and soft and yielding in the old man's nature had vanished for the moment. He was fierce and fine, and as ready as any Eastern shepherd might

have been, to throw himself upon the wolf who had sought to harm one of his lambs.

Baron Metenach was standing by the mantelpiece. He came forward to greet Père Joseph with a smile; came forward with outspread hands, but the old man motioned him gravely to a seat.

"You have called to see me?" The simple village priest spoke with a touch of cold and chilly dignity.

"Yes, there is a matter I want to consult you over," Baron Metenach laughed softly. He had a curious, husky laugh, with little mirth about it. "The truth is, I have lost my heart," he continued, "perhaps you can guess the rest."

"Lost your heart," repeated Père Joseph. He was astonished for the second at the baron's matchless effrontery. How might he dare to come to a priest with such a statement?

His fierce indignation prevented the old curé from speaking for a moment. All he could do was to gaze rebukingly at the other.

"I may as well add that I am prepared to give a good price," continued Baron Metenach slowly, "for if I want a thing I am always ready enough to pay for it, and pay pretty heavily, too."

"Silence," thundered Père Joseph. He held up his thin hand. "Have you no shame in you?" he continued.

"My dear curé," the other expostulated quietly, "whence this wild excitement on your part? I am merely telling you that I am prepared to offer an extremely high price for the golden chalice you showed me this afternoon. Eight hundred *louis* if you like, and you would be a fool not to accept such an offer," he added with a little sneer, "for your chapel is sadly in need of repair, and the furnishing of the high altar is really a disgrace."

"Hush," interrupted Père Joseph. He realized now that the baron had not come to talk to him about Marie. It was something else he was coveting at the present moment; something equally holy, sacred, and precious.

"I cannot accept your offer," the old man spoke in calm, determined tones, "for the golden chalice you want to buy does not belong to me, but to—God."

He pointed to the door and there was

that in his voice which warned Baron Metenach that it would be hopeless for him to remain. This old curé was a man of iron, not of wax; incorruptible, cold, and pure as the stars.

"You are a fool, Père Joseph, a fool." Baron Metenach said the words mockingly then went out slamming the door behind him.

Père Joseph drew a long deep breath, "The golden heart of a girl, and God's golden cup! So that evil man desires to purchase both, does he? No matter, they are each sacred to God, and God protects His own! He may not be robbed of man."

Père Joseph smiled happily, then took up a book, and sitting down in his leather chair began to read the life of St. Francis.

He sat there, peaceful and placid, till Babette summoned him to the evening meal, and after he had partaken sparingly of the slight repast he made his way back to his study again, and sat down to enjoy his reading.

Babette bustled in and out every now and again to poke up the fire and snuff the candles, otherwise perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the little room, and there was no sound to be heard except the low moaning of the sea and the melancholy sighing of the wind.

The time passed rapidly, for Père Joseph was a great reader. Babette, good woman, had sought her bed at 8. But it was close on 9 o'clock at night before the curé became conscious of sharp, impatient taps upon the window pane, and that his name was being called in eager, insistent tones.

He started and stirred in his chair, letting his book fall to the floor, then pushed up his spectacles with an air of bewildered surprise.

"Why, it is Marie—little Marie—who is calling me," he muttered, then hurried as quickly as he could to the door.

"Come in, my child, come in," he said peering out into the darkness, wondering with some agitation what Marie could be seeking at such an hour.

She came in, white-faced and trembling, and the expression on her face alarmed the old man. It was so full of wild and terrible despair.

She wore neither cloak nor hat, and her clothes were wet, for it was raining. She trembled faintly, and her face kept on twitching and quivering.

"My child, what is the matter?" A dreadful thought visited the curé, and his face hardened and blanched.

"What is the matter?" Marie repeated his words, but in the dull tones of apathetic despair. "Everything is the matter," she continued miserably. "Pierre—" she paused and hesitated.

"Pierre! Well what about Pierre?" interrupted Père Joseph. He felt more at ease now. He was half ashamed, for the second, of the wild fear which had visited him: the fear that Baron Metenach had harmed Marie.

"What has happened to the dear lad," he went on breathlessly.

"Read this," muttered the girl. She plucked a letter from the bosom of her dress, and placed it all warm from its resting place in Père Joseph's hand. Then she sat down unbidden on one of the chairs, and commenced rocking her body slowly backward and forwards, giving vent the while to low dry sobs.

Père Joseph carried the letter to the light and began to read it; but after he had taken in the purport of the first few lines he uttered a sharp cry of dismay, and a look of intense pity came over his face. For this was a letter written with a young man's heart's blood, and it breathed misery and despair in every line.

A terrible thing had happened. A large sum of money entrusted to Pierre's care by the bank that employed him as its cashier, had unaccountably disappeared, stolen by some unknown thief, and the tragedy of it was that Pierre had only himself to thank for the misfortune, for in a fit of carelessness he had gone out leaving the safe open which contained the money.

He was heart broken and dared not tell his employers the truth, for he thought that they would refuse to accept what seemed an improbable story, and so their suspicions would fall on him.

The loss of the money would not be discovered till the end of the week, when accounts had all to be made up. But the wretched boy was writing to Marie to tell

her that he intended to blow out his brains, unless by hook or by crook he could persuade someone to lend him a sum equal to the money which had been stolen.

"For if I could only get seven hundred *louis*," so Pierre wrote, "no one would guess or suspect that the original sum had been stolen. But it is as hopeless for me to think of raising such a sum as of flying into heaven. I would ask my father, but as you know, the old man has nothing of his own and depends for his sole income on an annuity which will come to an end at his death. I feel a coward in writing all this to you, my Marie, a terrible coward, but it is so appalling to feel that in another day I must say good bye to all my hopes and dreams, for I cannot endure the thought of facing the day of disgrace. Better, a thousand times better, to die by my own hand, than live on to be called a thief."

The rest of the letter was merely full of fervent vows of affection and passionate lamentations for the lost happiness which could never belong to Marie and Pierre, for the little home they were to have shared together, and the beautiful life which they had fancied stretched out before them.

"Oh, this is sad, this is terrible!" Père Joseph blew his nose and wiped some moisture from his eyes. "I do not see what is to be done," he went on hopelessly. "Your uncle, has he any money? But I know Jules to be a poor man. We are all poor here."

The curé spread out his hands as he spoke. For the first time in his simple life he coveted riches.

"My uncle? No, it is no good asking him," answered Marie. "As you say he is poor."

She clenched her hands and brooded heavily.

"But Pierre must not take his life! It would be a deadly sin," muttered the curé. "I must hasten to Paris tomorrow and prevent him."

Père Joseph began to walk rapidly up and down the room.

"Your going to Paris won't stop him," muttered Marie. "Not unless you can take the money he wants with you. I know Pierre; he was obstinate even as a child. Oh, Père Joseph," she rose slowly

from her chair and came forward, "there is a way by which Pierre can be saved," she went on in low, heart-sick tones, "a terrible way. Can you guess it?"

The curé turned and looked at her steadily, and some of the white horror of her face stole into his.

"That way," he muttered. "God forbid."

Marie nodded her head. Her eyes glittered strangely.

"Baron Metenach would give me the money if I asked him for it," she said slowly, "you know he would."

"Yes," returned the curé simply, "but at what price, my child, what price? Do you think Pierre would care to purchase his life on such terms. For shame, Marie, you should know your lover better."

She quivered all over and burst into pitiful sobbing.

"Can I let Pierre die?" she muttered. "Don't you know, father, that a woman would give anything—anything for the sake of a man she loves?"

Père Joseph said nothing for the moment, but gazed at the girl long and intently. A sudden thought had come into his head. He saw a way to save Pierre's life and Marie's honor, though it might be at the cost of his own soul. For the desperate thought had come into the curé's heart to rob God of His own.

"Marie—little Marie," Père Joseph's voice was softer than she had ever heard it before, sweeter than she had thought a human voice could be. "Do not be afraid, my little child, there will be no need for Pierre to sacrifice his life, or for you to sacrifice what should be dearer still. I can promise you the money, I, myself."

"You, Père Joseph," muttered Marie in shrill amaze. She could hardly believe her ears.

She stared at the old curé and his face dazzled her. It shone with such a strange and unearthly light.

"Have no fear," repeated Père Joseph. "I tell you, Marie, all will be well for you and Pierre. Go home, my child, and say your prayers. Pray for all men, especially for the souls of those who may be led into deadly sin tonight. Pray—pray till dawn breaks."

He waved her from the room, standing up a grand old figure, something more

than Père Joseph, the village curé, something infinitely nobler—stronger.

Marie took her quick way from the room. It was impossible to doubt that Père Joseph meant what he said, and she felt that Pierre was saved.

Père Joseph, left alone, fell on his knees, burying his thin white face in his hands.

A second later the sound of a man's deep sobs filled the little study, sobs such as are given to few to utter.

Later still, by an hour, Père Joseph might have been seen climbing the steep path which led to Jules Pasteur's inn, clasping the golden chalice to his breast, concealed from outward view by the folds of his cassock. And it seemed to the old curé that each step that he took was leading farther and farther from the Kingdom of God, closer to the Valley of darkness. But he argued to himself with a fine simplicity, that it were better that the shepherd should perish for his flock, than that he should suffer a lamb to go astray.

One of the greatest of the French cardinals, who happened to be attending high mass at Notre Dame two days later, was struck by the heart-broken look on the face of an old curé who happened to be kneeling not very far from the great prelate himself—an old man, who evidently hailed from some rustic village, and who could have but little in common with the gay city of Paris.

Père Joseph prayed on in a blind agony of supplication, oblivious of the fact of the bishop's stare, but he started in shy and amazed confusion when at the end of the beautiful and solemn mass, he found himself touched lightly on the shoulder.

"You are in trouble, my son. Your face betrays as much." So the great prelate murmured, curious to know something of the history of this strange old man, this pathetic and white-haired priest.

"*Monseigneur*," Père Joseph recognized the bishop in a flash, "I am not worthy that you should speak to me—I am accursed."

There was such shrill despair in his voice that the other stared back in amaze, then proceeded to question Père Joseph very earnestly, drawing him aside to a dim corner of the cathedral.

The old curé poured forth his tale, feeling it a relief to speak. He told the whole story. How he had sold the golden chalice which had belonged to God and to the Holy Church to Baron Metenach, the very evening of Marie's wild confession, and then had journeyed to Paris the next morning, taking the money with him that was to save Pierre from self murder.

"And when I found the young man, *monseigneur*," Père Joseph murmured, tears streaming down his thin face, "it was only to hear that the money had not been stolen at all. One of the clerks at the bank, noticing the open safe had concealed the gold to teach Pierre a lesson and make him realize how careless he had been. He just told Pierre this and restored the money. So you see," Père Joseph continued in low tones, "there was no need for me to have stolen the chalice and sold it. Why did I not put more trust in God—why—why?"

He held up a little leather bag as he spoke. It rang with jangling coins.

"The price of the golden chalice," he muttered bitterly, "the price of my soul, *monseigneur*."

Monseigneur raised himself to his full height. He was tall and bland and majes-

tic, and he stretched out a strong and beautiful white hand.

"My son," he said, "have no fears, no doubts. You sold God's chalice to save God's child, and can you doubt which has the most value in the Maker's sight; the vessel of gold or the creature made in the Divine image?"

Père Joseph glanced up timidly, a wonderful light coming over his face, a marvelous smile parting his thin lips.

"Then you think God will forgive me," he muttered huskily. "*Monseigneur*, can I hope to be forgiven?"

The Bishop smiled, his eyes dim and misty for the second.

"I think you are more sure of heaven than most of us," he answered in low tones. Then he added: "I know Baron Metenach, and he shall restore you the chalice, my son. And I will send you a golden crucifix, even a cross of pure gold."

Père Joseph clasped his meek hands, then he fell on his knees.

The thunder of the organ swept through Notre Dame in great waves of splendid sound, but the curé's prayer's of thanksgiving and praise rose higher than the swelling music, rose to the very steps of the Throne.

The Fly in the Ointment

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Mystery of Tannenbaum," etc.

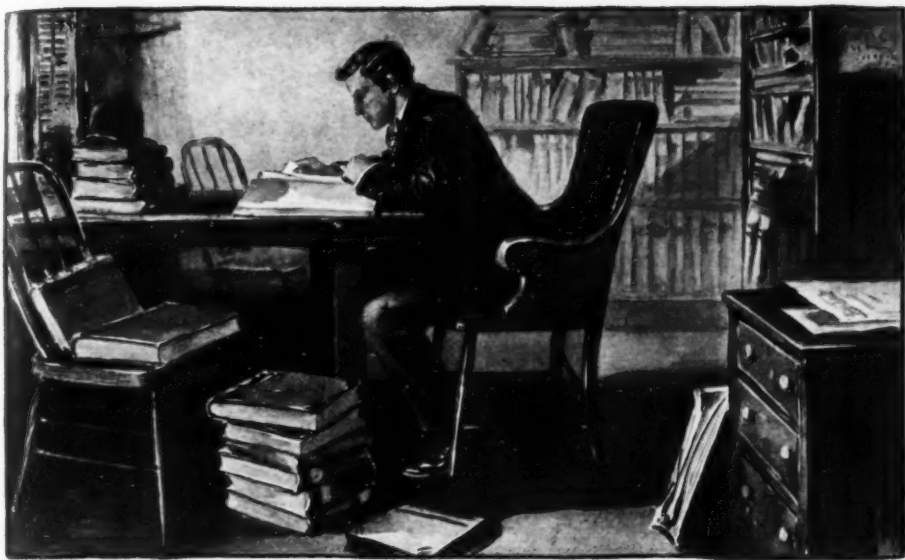
Mulholland expectorated vigorously and swore profusely. He swung viciously about in his revolving chair.

"I've got to do somethin', Jimmy," he complained. "If I don't, by George, they'll do me—my own crowd. My own crowd," he repeated bitterly, "hang 'em, one and all."

Mulholland had no real cause of complaint. He was a hard master, and it was his past abuse that his own crowd resented. He was chairman of the county committee in Monroe, and that meant autocracy. Mulholland for years had been a politician pure and simple, gathering men about him by force of his personal magnetism, until he had reached the chairmanship, that un-

official office of all offices. Then he had become a pirate pure and simple, with a crew that did his bidding under the lash. He ruled Monroe by fear. His was the doctrine of the greatest good to the greatest number; the greatest number, Number One. In the days of his power, forgetting what he owed the men beneath him, it was Mulholland for Mulholland and for no one else.

But now, a wave of reform had swept across Monroe, sweeping with it much of the patronage of this man Mulholland; sweeping away from Mulholland's crowd many of the well-paying offices that had kept Mulholland's people sleek, well-fed, and satisfied. And accordingly, Mul-



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

Day after day he spent among the dusty volumes

holland's crowd, a crowd accustomed to draw from trousers' pockets large rolls of bills, was getting very tired. For such graft as there had been for the last twelve months had reached the maw of big Mulholland and had stopped there.

It was a fatal mistake on Mulholland's part. He had been too greedy; he had over-estimated the strength of his hold upon his men; a vague unrest was in the air.

"Hungry—that's what," mused Mulholland, "and Jimmy, I've got to feed 'em; feed 'em with greenbacks. If I don't, they'll make a dinner off of me."

Jimmy, his lieutenant, sadly shook his head. Jimmy knew too well that Mulholland was tottering on his throne; that Mulholland's party had lost its grip on county politics and was fast losing its grip upon the city; that new would-be leaders were even now treading upon Mulholland's heels. He knew, too well, that unless Mulholland acted and acted quickly, Mulholland's days were numbered. It seemed so sure to Jimmy. He had nothing to suggest. There was the big reform wave bearing down upon the party. There was the party itself rising against Mulholland. And yet, he knew well, that if any man could face the situation, it was big Mulholland, the man who for years had twisted all Monroe about his little finger; had held

Monroe within the hollow of his hand.

Suddenly Mulholland arose, strode to the table whereon Jimmy lounged, and smote him sharply on the shoulder.

"I've got it, Jimmy boy," he cried, "by George, I'll sell the City Hall."

Jimmy started. "Sell the City Hall!" he gasped. "Sell the City Hall?"

"Sure," answered Mulholland, "and make a divvy all around. Why not?"

Jimmy slowly shook his head. "It's too big a deal just now," he answered. "There's Thorneycroft, you know."

Thorneycroft was county prosecutor: a young man who had been hoisted into place upon the shoulders of the law and order league, to wipe out vice in the city of Monroe. Mulholland smiled.

"Hang Thorneycroft," he answered. "He's a bloomin' light-weight. It'll all be over before he knows that anything's been done. What do I care for him? I'll sell the City Hall."

Even Jimmy did n't see just where the graft might lie in this suggestion, but he was quite right when he asserted that the deal would be a big one.

The City Hall in Monroe stood at Four Corners—the center of the city. Its site was the most valuable in the city—in the whole state for that matter. Mulholland's safety lay in that very fact. No man could possibly put a price upon it. No man could esti-

mate its worth as a business corner. The properties upon the other corners were not in the market; their holders would not sell. There was no standard by which to judge the value of the City Hall. It could not be said that its site was worth half a million, or half of that, or double, so largely are values controlled by neighborhood sales, and for years there had been no sales because no man would sell. But Jimmy could guess, that if the City Hall site were upon the market, all Monroe would rush to take a chance.

He sighed. "If you could swing that, Mulholland, whatever it is," he ventured, "the boys would be satisfied from now to kingdom come. It'd be somethin' more than the thin edge of the wedge, it would."

"Sure," answered Mulholland, "and I can swing it. Blamed if I can't—and won't."

Mulholland started in his own way—a mysterious way at best. His common council, on which, fortunately, he still held his grip, weak as it was, inside of seven days had passed an ordinance, wistfully glancing toward the erection of a new City Hall. This ordinance recommended its erection in one of the public parks of the city. This Mulholland had insisted on. For his ultimate deal would be weighed by the ultimate condition of the public treasury; he wanted to sell the present site, and to avoid the necessity of buying another. The public looks only upon the balance sheet.

The move to build was a popular move. Behind it were contractors, sniffing the air. Behind it was Mulholland's press. Behind it was the progressive public, clamoring for public buildings with grounds about them: something to show, something of which to be proud.

"What is a city without a souvenir postal?" was the query of the people.

Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, also sniffed the air. He made up his mind, firmly, that as county prosecutor, he would say nothing until the iniquitous building contracts hove in sight, and that then, with his law-and-order rapid fire, he would rake them fore and aft. He would see to it that graft would be eliminated.

Mulholland only smiled. "The build-

ing graft was played out before the war," he told Jimmy, his private henchman. "It don't hold a candle to the sellin' graft. Not much. Watch out now, and watch close."

"How'll you sell," queried Jimmy. "Public sale to the highest bidder?"

Mulholland shook his head. "Private sale," he whispered, "to the lowest bidder."

And the common council passed its ordinance accordingly. For good real estate makes its best sale, not at auction, but in the private way. And the best sale, of a certain kind, was the thing. The common council called in six or eight dealers in real estate and obtained from them appraisements of the value of the property. These appraisements, naturally, had been censored, corrected, and approved by Boss Mulholland.

"These here public sales," the common council said, with a grin, "they'll never bring out no price like that. The private sale for us. Sure, every time. If we can only find a man that'll pay the price."

They found him, somehow or other. Or at least Mulholland did. And they sold this man the City Hall at private sale. It was so private that even the papers knew nothing of it until the records of the register of deeds developed it.

As thus:

Mayor and Commonalty of Monroe to Washington B. White, n. w. cor. Main and Market, 100x100: \$200,000.

"Who's this here Washington B. White?" asked Jimmy of Mulholland as he read this brief announcement in the record columns of the press.

For Jimmy, too, had been kept in ignorance as to the details. Mulholland was a man, who, in the making, kept most things to himself.

"Washington B. White," answered Mulholland, "is an old darkey, Jimmy, down in Taylor alley. He's a dummy. He's a slave of mine. He stands for me. I bought the City Hall, Jimmy. I, and no one else."

"And—paid for it?" inquired Jimmy.

Mulholland nodded.

"It took my pile, Jimmy, and all I could borrow. Of course I paid for it. Cold hard cash. Of course."

Jimmy in his turn shook his head. "Maybe," he said, "I aint onto this kind of a game of graft. But I'm blamed if I can just figure what good it's going to do you or the crowd either to have you buy a piece of land and pay good cash out for it. Why did n't you divvy up the money that you paid. It's cheaper, so it seems to me. Blamed if it aint."

Mulholland pushed him into a chair.

"Jimmy," he said, "I aint divvyin' up what's my own: what I made out o' this here county in the last ten years by the sweat of my brow. An' I'll tell you somethin' else. The crowd aint goin' to get the cream off o' this here thing, either. It's goin' to get some—true. But the man who takes the risk is Mulholland, and he's agoin' to have the first lick. Don't forget it."

He drew from his pocket a sheet of paper.

"Jimmy," he said, "this here is a list of the citizens in Monroe that wanted to buy that there corner. It's a big list and it'll do your heart good to look it over. This old Washington B. White—he's that anxious to sell this here City Hall again that he can't sit still.

"Look a here, Jimmy!" Mulholland ran his finger down the column until it neared the bottom. "This chap is the highest bidder. He's a man would have paid more for that corner than any other man, if he'd got the chance. He poked his nose into the City Hall every other day and increased his offer by tens of thousands every time. He's the man you want to see."

"What's his offer?" asked Jimmy.

Mulholland straightened up with pride. "\$500,000."

"Phew," gasped Jimmy, "and you bought at only two."

Mulholland nodded. "That chap buys from me, Jimmy. You see him, and he'll do it. And the difference between the two that I paid and the five that he'll pay, is the difference that goes into the pockets of Mulholland—"

"And the crowd?" answered Jimmy.

"And the crowd!" testily returned his master; "the crowd! Mulholland and the crowd. Of course, Mulholland and the crowd."

Out on the streets the people were talking about the new City Hall. Up in the court house Thorneycroft was sitting, waiting wistfully to get his clutches on the contracts for the new City Hall. The old City Hall was a thing of the past, spoken of by few, thought of by some who did not dare to speak.

As for Jimmy, he smote his thigh with his hand. "By George, Mulholland," he exclaimed, admiringly, "you're a wonder and no mistake." He paused a moment. "Gim me the name," he said, glancing at the list, "of the man who'll pay \$500,000; the man that I'm to see."

"That man," answered Mulholland, "wants it for his business. That man," he continued, "is Ackerman of the 'Green Store,' up on Main street, here in Monroe. Get a move on you, and go."

William Westervelt, gamester-lawyer of Monroe, sat one day in his office holding a silent *post-mortem* examination over a losing game that he had played at Cradlebaugh's—the master gamester of Monroe. It was one of William Westervelt's blue days.

In the midst of it, he was interrupted by a young man, who swung into his office in a business-like manner. It was Ackerman, owner of the "Green Store" in Monroe.

"Westervelt," said he, "I've got a job for you; a fairly big one, too. I'm going to buy the northwest corner of Main and Market, here in Monroe."

"What's that?" exclaimed Westervelt. "Where can you get the money? The northwest corner of Main and Market. Why—Why—" he gasped, "that's the old City Hall."

Ackerman nodded. "I'm going to borrow the money and risk it, Westervelt," he declared. "My business is growing. The 'Green Store' on that corner is bound to be a huge success. It'll knock the Arcade on Market street higher than a kite. It'll take a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, but I'm going to do it. I'll sell my shirt to put it through."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Westervelt.

"I want you to prepare a contract,"



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"I've got it," he cried. "I'll sell the city hall."

answered Ackerman, "but it's not to go on record. The owner makes that a condition. Nothing is to go on record until the deed is filed, and the money has been paid. That's what he insists upon. But he wants a contract, and so do I. And it's to be kept quiet until closed. That's the condition that he dictates. I can buy, but I must n't talk. That's all."

"Who," asked Westervelt, "is he? Who is the owner?"

"Mulholland."

"What?" returned Westervelt. "Does he own it? Phew!" He sniffed slightly. "If Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, knew this," he thought to himself. But he said nothing about it.

"I want you to draw the contract," went on Ackerman, "and—"

"Search the title," lazily commented Westervelt.

Ackerman frowned. "I—I did n't want to go to much expense," he answered. "Do we need a search?"

"Every man who buys needs a search," responded Westervelt. "There are always too many games afoot with real estate."

"Mulholland did n't need one," protested Ackerman. "He took from the city direct. He said the city's title was good enough for him. And he told me he thought I would n't need one, though he'll give me time enough to make it, so he says. I really thought I could get along without it."

"You'll need it," insisted Westervelt.

Ackerman sighed and waved his hand. "All right," he responded. "Whatever is, is right. But I'm blamed anxious to have this thing go through. For that corner is worth all that I'm paying for it, and some day, it'll be worth a million."

He stopped for an instant and broke out into a fretful laugh.

"It makes me sick when I think of it," he went on. "That very lot—that City Hall site—used to be a part of a huge tract belonging to my great-grandfather, Ludlow Peters. A hundred years ago it did n't cost him five hundred cents—that corner. He owned the most of that part of Monroe then, and he could n't see. If he'd only held on to it, we'd all been rich today. And here I'm raking and scraping to get enough to buy it back. We'd have all been rich today."

"And—useless," answered Westervelt. "You would n't have been, at your early age, what you are—one of the foremost business men in Monroe. It was your poverty that made you, Ackerman."

This was true. The young proprietor of the "Green Store" had made his way, inch by inch, little by little. Adversity had lent to him a fair measure of success.

"I only wish," sighed Ackerman, "that he'd kept that corner in the family, so I could have had it for nothing at all today. That's all—"

He started out and came back.

"Billy Westervelt," he said, "I'll owe you a bill for this. I can't pay for it for some time. Every cent I've got and every cent I can borrow, is going into this deal. I don't even expect to get a square meal for the next two years. I'll pay you—when I can. You see?"

He went. Westervelt smiled.

"Another fee," he whispered to himself, "contingent upon another man's success." Then he relapsed into the blues.

"There's no game in this bit of work," he said peevishly. "How I hate to make a search." Again he sniffed. "But if I were Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, now," he told himself, "this would be a game."

But this was not his business; nor was it Ackerman's. Ackerman was an honest man paying an honest price for a piece of property. Westervelt prepared a contract, took it to Mulholland in the dead of night, and had it signed in duplicate.

"We'll close in thirty days," said Mulholland, filling in the date. "By that time your search, I guess, will be complete."

Thirty days! By that time Mulholland's fortune would have doubled; by that time the crowd would be licking his hand for the small sop which he would throw to its members.

Westervelt nodded. "I only hope," said Westervelt, "that it'll be through in thirty hours. The register's records are my mortal enemies, I can tell you that."

But he started in next day in good faith.

"I'll begin this title at the year one," he told himself, "and trace it up to date."

This was one of Westervelt's good

traits; he invariably began at the beginning, and never finished, as a rule, until he reached the end.

"I wish, though," he sighed, "there were some kind of a game in this?"

Day after day he spent among the musty, dust-covered, unwieldy volumes; day after day he kept his nose to the grindstone in his uncongenial task.

And in the midst of it all, one day, he slammed one of the big books shut, tossed it up upon its shelf, and started off.

"No more for me today," he said to himself, "in this office. I'll go down to my own office and think about it. This is a game—a game."

On the day before the closing day, Mulholland called him up.

"Finished your search?" queried the boss.

"No," returned Westervelt, "only half through."

"Pshaw!" said Mulholland at whose door the crowd had already begun to knock. "Then we'll have to adjourn, that's all."

"Much obliged," answered Westervelt, indifferently. "I've been too confounded lazy to do much work."

Ackerman, his client, called him up later.

"Can we close tomorrow?" he inquired.

"No," roared Westervelt.

"Why not?"

"Never mind," answered Westervelt. "It's adjourned two weeks."

Ten days later Ackerman came rushing in, in a rage.

"Confound it," he said to Westervelt, "if we'd closed on time, we would have

been all right. The National Insurance Company was going to loan me the cash for this. I had it cinched. And now—thunder, it looks as if they were going back on me. And I know why it is. It's the Arcade on Market street. They've got wind of this thing, and they're going to keep me off—If we could have closed two weeks ago. If the insurance people turn me down, it'll take six months to get another loan. Meanwhile the Arcade'll—" He smote the desk with his hand.

"Why in thunder, Westervelt," he wailed, "could n't you have closed on time?"

Westervelt smiled. "Because," he returned, "I was n't ready, that's all. I'm not ready now. I won't be ready in the next two weeks. I'll be ready when I get ready, and not before."

Ackerman raged and strode about the room, beside himself. This was the business crisis of his life, and Westervelt had crushed it. Westervelt dragged him to a chair and seated him upon it.

"Don't be a fool," said Westervelt. "I'm doing this, not you. Brace up and take hold of something—and I'll tell you all about it."

After that there was a further adjournment of two weeks—and another—and then another.

And Mulholland began to get restive. One day he called to Jimmy.

"Jimmy," he said, "I'm afraid of these people. They've got some game. Delays are dangerous."

They were—from every point of view.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

The owner of the City Hall.

His crowd was clamoring for money. They had had an inkling of where it was to come from and how much it would be. And, besides, Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, was girding up his loins with vigor, to fight the building contracts, and Mulholland was afraid he might, by some mischance, queer the sale. Mulholland was ground between the upper and nether millstones. Something must be done.

But Westervelt had but one answer: a request for further adjournment.

"Jimmy," said Mulholland, "if there's a game afoot, there's two can play at it. That there contract with Ackerman ain't filed; it don't bind this property, and I'm free to sell elsewhere. Go down to Hanning, of the Arcade store on Market street, and tell him to come up here again. He's anxious enough. He'll buy, if the 'Green Store' won't, and pay the price. And there'll be no game in him."

Mulholland himself went, to the office of Westervelt.

"I'll call Ackerman's bluff," he told himself.

Westervelt was there, and at Mulholland's request, he sent for Ackerman, who came.

"Now, you fellows," said Mulholland, "this here delay has gone far enough."

He pulled a document from his pocket.

"Here's your deed," he said, "I tender it."

Westervelt took it, glanced it over, and passed it back. In form it was correct. He smiled.

"We don't want it," answered Westervelt, genially. "We don't care that much about it." He snapped his finger. "Good day."

Mulholland burst into a storm of profanity.

"By George, Ackerman," he said, finally, "you've fooled me enough. You've taken up a lot of time that was blamed precious to me. You know it. You've fooled me. But I'll take it out of you. I'll show you. You and your shyster, here."

Westervelt spread his hands deprecatingly.

"It is you, Mr. Mulholland," he protested gently, "who fooled us."

Mulholland shook his fist in Ackerman's face.

"This sale goes through," he yelled, "to the Arcade Department Store—see if it don't."

Ackerman only smiled. Mulholland, still white hot with rage, unceremoniously left. And up at the county court house the young county prosecutor was still girding up his loins. And the committees of the faithful, their faith in Mulholland growing weaker as time went on, still knocked at Mulholland's financial door, without material avail.

The Arcade Department Store eagerly accepted Mulholland's offer—the same that he had made to Ackerman.

"But," they said, "we thought that Ackerman had really swung this thing."

"He could n't swing it," replied Mulholland. "He did n't have the stuff and could n't get it, that's all. It's for you to take."

And the officials of the Arcade looked each other in the eye.

"We did fix it so that Ackerman could n't get a loan," they confided to each other. "We know a thing or two."

And they in turn, went to their lawyers, Cowen, Covington & Black, and Cowen, Covington & Black started in to make a search, as William Westervelt had done. But they did n't know about the Ackerman contract, or the proceedings under it. They simply put their noses to the grindstone at the record office, and finished up, without delay.

"Is it all right?" asked the Arcade, over the phone within a week.

"Ye-es," answered Cowen. "We'll have to get a quit-claim deed from some obscure chap here in town that we have n't quite located yet, but we'll find him, and we'll fix it up. It'll go through all right. You may rest assured of that."

For, in dealing with obscure parties, a "title" lawyer holds out \$50 in cash with one hand and gets a quit-claim signed, holding it the while in the other hand. And the obscure party takes the cash, and—quits.

It took them some time to find their man, but they found him at last, gasped a little when they did, and finally landed up at Westervelt's office, all unknowing

that Westervelt had already turned up the same defect.

"H—m," said Cowen over his spectacles. "A little bit of a flaw here. Amounts to nothing, and we don't care so much about it, but of course, we're so darned particular about the smallest defect over in our place—matter of principle, you know. And," he added, pulling the blank quit-claim from his pocket, "if you'll have your man just sign this—we'll pay him, yes, we'll pay him for it, of course, but—er—it amounts to nothing, after all."

Westervelt took the document and looked it over.

"Why—why," he said, "this is the City Hall property. A client of mine named Ackerman was going to buy this from Mulholland, you know—"

"It's from Ackerman," ventured the other, "that we want the quit claim."

Westervelt hesitated.

"I won't do anything," he said, "unless you get Mulholland here, and Ackerman, and your man Hanning of the Arcade. Not a thing, until you get them here."

"It's a mere matter of family history," returned Cowen, "but still—"

However, they came, all three.

"Mr. Mulholland," said Westervelt, "you have no right to deal with the Arcade after dickering with my client. You have no right to sell to them."

"No right," thundered Mulholland, "I'll sell to who I please!"

"But," protested Westervelt, "not what you please. You can't sell this City Hall to the Arcade—that's all."

"Why not, I'd like to know," returned the other.

"Because," answered Westervelt, "you have n't any title to it. See?"

"I bought from the city," bellowed Mulholland, "and the city's title was good, was n't it."

"As good as gold," answered Westervelt. "The title in the city was without a flaw."

"Well," said Mulholland, "then it conveyed to me. And I have n't done anything; I have n't conveyed; I have n't made mortgages; I have no judgments against me—and, the sale was straight enough, I

guess," he said. "There aint nobody questioned that."

He winced just a little as he said it, for he kept on thinking about Thorneycroft.

"We raise no questions as to the sale," returned Westervelt, "but, though the city had good title at the very instant before it conveyed to you, yet when it conveyed, it conveyed, not the title to the City Hall, but—absolutely nothing. Your deed is not worth the paper that it's written on."

"What's wrong with it?" asked Mulholland.

Mulholland did n't know. Hanning did n't. Cowen did, and drew his brows together as he saw Westervelt draw from his desk a copy of a will.

"Let me read this clause," said Westervelt. He read it.

It was as follows:

Fifth. The third tract above mentioned I give, devise, and bequeath unto the Mayor and Commonalty of the Town of Monroe, and to their successors forever; PROVIDED, that if said Town of Monroe shall at any future time use the said tract for any other than a public purpose, or shall convey or attempt to convey the same, the same shall then and there by virtue of this will, immediately revert to my heirs who at that time may be living.

"Gentlemen," said Westervelt, "it is an extract from the will of Ludlow Peters, made many years ago; a man whose posterity by reason of their poverty have been plunged into obscurity in this now large city of Monroe. And the large city of Monroe had forgotten this will, even as it has forgotten Ludlow Peters, and as it has ignored for sixty years his progeny.

"It sold, and by that act, gentlemen, the title passed out of the city, not to Mr. Mulholland, but to the heir—the only living heir of Ludlow Peters—a man who has raised himself from the gutter, so to speak, into a place of business prominence in the city of Monroe. That man, gentlemen, stands behind me. That man, gentlemen, is George S. Ackerman, proprietor of the 'Green Store,' and owner of the northwest corner of Main and Market streets. He is the owner of the City Hall."

Cowen recovered himself quickly.

"What will you take for it, Ackerman," he asked.

Ackerman laughed and shook his head.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"I'll take it out of you and your shyster, here."

"It's been out of the family for a hundred years," he answered, with the light of future success already in his eyes; "it's come again now to stay."

Mulholland went back. He found Jimmy. He found the leaders of his crowd—a crowd that had been looking for bread, and so far had not received a stone. And Mulholland explained—and explained. He dwelt with ponderous earnestness upon the fact that he was \$200,000 to the bad.

"D' ye mean to tell us," said the crowd, through its representatives, "that before this you were two hundred thousand to the good, and that we never even got a smell—it's all in your eye, the whole thing. If this deal has gone through, and you have n't played us fair, then we're through with you. And if it did n't and you really lost, then you're no good. Mahoney is a better man than you are, any day. If there's to be games, he can play as well as you. And we think that this is a game—on us."

It had been a game, from start to finish, for which Westervelt was most devoutly thankful; a game which had placed his client Ackerman on the high road to for-

tune, and which, perforce, dethroned Mulholland and Mulholland's party, to make way for leaders and men of another type. It was a game which had accomplished something for somebody else.

"That Thorneycroft," people whispered to each other, "he's a slick one. We've been wondering why he did n't tackle old Mulholland long before this—and here he's been and gone and done it right before our very eyes, and we did n't know he was doing it; and we don't know how he did it. He's slick, even if he is young."

Westervelt was satisfied.

"It could n't have been done better," he assured himself, "even if Thorneycroft had done it."

As for Thorneycroft, he did n't rightly know just what had been done.

"I broke Mulholland," sighed Westervelt, "now I'll see if I can't go down and break the bank at the gaming tables of my friend Cradlebaugh."

But it is too difficult to break two big men in the same place at the same time, and Cradlebaugh survived. Perhaps, though, his time was yet to come.

"That would be a game," sighed William Westervelt.

The Man 'Tween Decks

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "On the Desert Air," etc.

The liner *Sultanic*, clearing from San Francisco, final destination Hong-Kong by way of the intermediate ports of Honolulu, Yokohama, and Shanghai, carried fifty cabin passengers and three hundred in the Asiatic steerage—also the Governor-General of His Majesty's Colony of Kwei-Lung. It was due to the latter being on the passenger list that many tentative passengers for the Orient had hurried or delayed their passage in order to achieve the distinction of basking in his presence for the better part of a month. For, besides being a Governor-General, the gentleman was a bona-fide peer of the realm, Marquis variety, and somewhat of a celebrity on his own account.

In fact, everyone sailing "cabin" on

the *Sultanic* had heard of the Marquis and wanted to see him—everyone except little Miss Elsie Morgan of Kentucky who had lived in the backwoods until a very recent date and did not see the New York papers and their freak features.

Mrs. Heightley was not in Miss Morgan's class, however. She had heard of the Marquis, and she had dragged her three daughters, Essie, Lurania, and Savenie, away from their dressmakers and traveling wardrobes, and taken passage on the *Sultanic* two weeks before she had originally intended to sail. This was due to the Marquis, of course, and now that four days of the voyage had passed, and His Excellency had not made his appearance, she felt herself decidedly

aggrieved, and in the position of the verdant gentleman from the interior who trades honest though sweaty coin of the realm for bricks of shining exterior but little substance. She said as much to Cyrus Letcher of New York, whose social position was indeterminate but whose knowledge of the world was wide.

A broad smile overspread Mr. Letcher's face. "Well, Mrs. Heightley," he drawled, "you are taking lessons in British reserve, that's all. Britishers hate to be made a fuss over, and this Marquis prefers to stick to his quarters. He's got the drawing-room cabin, you know."

Mrs. Heightley had already waylaid His Excellency's secretary, the Hon. Archer Challice, who had put the reason in a few terse words. "The Governor's not feeling very fit," said he. Mrs. Heightley was much aggrieved.

"I thought from what I read that His Lordship was very democratic," she said in her high, cultivated, false voice, the result of two years under a teacher of "culture." "Heard, too"—her voice sank to an awed whisper—"that he used to dress himself like a workingman—a common laborer—and mix with the proletariat." With great distinctness Mrs. Heightley pronounced the last word of which she was rather proud. She despised the lower classes, and had spent vain hours trying to instil into her husband, but lately of them, that a fish-knife was not intended for the purpose of buttering bread.

Mr. Letcher was somewhat amused by Mrs. Heightley, for she was not a difficult person to read. "Well," said he, "that's the reason they sent him out here as Governor of this God-forsaken Chinese island. He was just getting ready to make over his money to the poor and go out and work among them. Well, his maternal grandfather had left something like five million pounds to his daughter, the Marquis' mother, for her good work in catching a peer—the old man was a Birmingham steel manufacturer. Five million pounds to the poor looked very seedy to the British government, and set a bad precedent. Pretty soon the great unwashed would want all peers and millionaires to discard their high cards. So the Cabinet gets together and does a

thinking act and the next day, little Willie, the Marquis, gets a nice engraved card asking him to dine with the Cabinet ministers. He sees where his high thoughts have struck home and goes happy. He's the star guest, and the gray heads listen to him as if he were a new Isaiah. Then the Secretary of the Colonies, as if it just struck him, says that the British empire would profit much by the Marquis' theories if he got a chance to demonstrate. At least, that's what he tells His Lordship. Result, he's appointed Governor-General of Kwei-Lung, an island, four thousand population, mixed Malay and Chinese. There little Willie, the Marquis, can carry out his beautiful theories and the whole world forgets he exists. Most beautiful scheme, is n't it?"

The lady from Helena, Montana, grew red as the statement progressed. "Mr. Letcher, I'm sorry to see that you have so little respect for a man of the Marquis' standing. 'Little Willie, the Marquis,' indeed!" As a matter of fact, this was the only thing that Letcher had said which Mrs. Heightley understood. Mr. Letcher smiled.

"There's Mr. Challice—" Mrs. Heightley exclaimed, and got out of the steamer chair; but as she made a step towards him, that young scion of nobility stopped before the chair of a pretty little sprite whose straw-colored hair was topped by a red tam-o'-shanter. Mrs. Heightley pursed up her lips, and resumed her seat.

"I was about to ask Mr. Challice as to the Governor's health," Mrs. Heightley remarked again to Mr. Letcher who had hastily muffled a smile. "But if he chooses to continue in company with that abominable little creature with the dyed hair, I—" How she rolled the monosyllable—"shall leave him to his own devices."

Mr. Letcher frowned. "Mrs. Heightley," he said dispassionately, "I should prefer that you call Miss Morgan neither abominable nor a creature—also that you retract the statement about the dyed hair. Miss Morgan is a very sweet little girl, fresh from the country, who has accepted an appointment to teach school in the Philippines. We men like her because she is genuine, and would protect her be-

cause she is innocent. So I'll beg of you to speak of her in a different way."

Mrs. Heightley had gone from red to white and back to red again. She now assumed the pose decreed by her teacher of "culture" to be the one preparatory to rebuking insolence in an aristocratic manner. "Naturally—" she began freezingly, "you seek the kind that—"

Mr. Letcher snipped off the end of a cigar. "Cut it out," he observed carelessly. "Or I might talk about Miner Jake Heightley, the buffoon of Helena, Montana, and the gentleman who wears a dickey—your husband I believe, Mrs. Heightley?"

He cast a gentle inquiring glance on the now terrified woman, arose, and with the comment, "I was in Helena in '96 as a guest of Gensler's," made his way toward the smoke-room to take his hourly highball.

A few minutes later, the Hon. Archer Challice with a weary look informed Miss Morgan that "he had some beastly work to do and would see her at lunch," and went away, feeling aggrieved with the world at large. The Hon. Archer liked Miss Morgan and he did not like work; but consequent to the desertion of the Governor's stenographer, who had left the party to take a business offer in San Francisco, the Hon. Archer was put into the position of being forced to labor until a new stenographer could be procured in Hong-Kong or thereabouts.

Miss Morgan, left to herself for the moment, got up and walked to the rail of the saloon-deck overlooking the Asiatic steerage. For some time she had been observing the folks 'tween decks and, particularly, one of them. This one was a white man but he wore Chinese clothes. Elsie had asked the ship doctor why he was there among the Celestials. "Has n't got enough money to go cabin, I guess," returned the medico. "Pretty cheap going that way."

The thought of this man of her own race among the yellow folk was a subject that worried little Miss Elsie quite a bit. She was quite sure that the white man must be very lonely down there without a kindred soul for company; and she had, several times, been on the point of descend-

ing and cheering him up. But the very boldness of the thing chilled Elsie and she had not summoned the courage to do so. Little girls from Kentucky are taught that it is not quite the thing to begin conversations with people they don't know.

Nevertheless, the thought of this man kept her from thoroughly enjoying her trip. Less than a month before she had left the little village in which she lived continuously all her brief life. She had not even been to Louisville. The daughter of a country physician, who died on her sixteenth birthday, she had been teaching the village school since that date. In a moment of impulse, she had gone to Leeds, a little town nearby, and taken the Civil-Service examination for school-teachers in the Philippines. When the appointment had come and she had mastered her overwhelming astonishment, she decided to accept the glorious compensation of one thousand dollars *per annum*, and set her pretty face fearlessly toward the Land of the Rising Sun. On the train bound west, a man wanted by the police of two continents had met her, and left the train at Omaha with something like tears in his eyes and a resolve to live a decent life in his mind. She was fearless because she was innocent, and men too *blasé* to so term themselves took the same mental enjoyment from her presence that a cold bath and plenty of soap gave them physically. She was her little self, pure, unpretending, sympathetic, and with the face of a cherubess. She took a delight in small things which was an ever-present joy to Mr. Letcher and the Hon. Archer Challice. She laughed merrily when she found that asking for biscuits at table meant to be served with "crackers;" and when she was served with marmalade for the first time, she did not hesitate to announce that it was the first time and that she found it good. Which confirmation of British epicureanism was very pleasing to the Hon. Mr. Challice. "The little Canary" Challice called her because of her dainty way of eating morsels. And indeed, she was not unlike a canary, this blonde, blue-eyed little person with the rosebud mouth and the pretty ways.

But Mrs. Heightley, Essene, Lurania, and Savene, her daughters, all highly cultured, noted the absence of "culture" in little Miss Morgan, and took pains to "cut her." And there were a good many people of Mrs. Heightley's sort on board the *Sultanic*. Strange as it may seem, however, the folks born to drawing-room and evening-dress found much in common with the little lady from Kentucky. As for Elsie herself, she was unaware that she was a subject for discussion.

Mr. Letcher came up and joined her at the rail. She turned to him with her bright little smile, and he lifted his cap and apologized for the cigar. "Look at that poor man down there," she said. Her soft Southern intonation was delightful. "Is n't it perfectly awful that he has to live with those Chinese—"

"Very bad," affirmed the deceitful Mr. Letcher, who had hitherto given the subject no thought.

"And has to eat that nasty rice and stuff all the time," continued Miss Elsie pursing up her rosy lips. A sudden sadness crept into her blue eyes. "Do you know that tomorrow's Christmas?" she said.

"Ah—yes, so it is," agreed Mr. Letcher.

"We'll have to do something for that poor man," said Miss Elsie. "He must have a Christmas dinner. Oh, I tell you what, Mr. Letcher! We'll go and see the steward and see if we can't get him to serve that man just what we have."

"Great!" declared Mr. Letcher. But a quick disappointment shadowed her face. "Where can he eat it?" she asked. "You don't think they'd let him come into the saloon?"

"Against the rules," declared Mr. Letcher promptly.

"That's too bad," she complained.

The astute Mr. Letcher here delivered himself. "Why not my cabin?" said he. "We could have it served to him in there."

She clasped her hands ecstatically. "Mr. Letcher you are just too sweet for anything," she said. Mr. Letcher felt repaid and somewhat embarrassed.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll go down and fix it up with the steward now."

"And I," announced Miss Elsie, "will go down and talk it over with that poor

young man." She stretched out her hands. "You are so good and so kind, Mr. Letcher, that I could just hug you!" You see, Mr. Letcher was gray-haired and old enough to be her father.

As she started to descend the ladder, he was wishing that she would do what she "could;" then with a sigh, he turned away to bribe the steward into compliance with Miss Elsie's wishes. Approximately at the same moment, the object of his solicitude was holding a tartan skirt free of the somewhat unclean deck below, and looking at the folk of ochre complexion. She stood there, one hand to her skirt, the other to her red tam-o'-shanter, a very pleasing sight to the eye, her straw-colored hair blowing about her pink and white face. The man whom she had come to cheer was squatting on the deck, his back to her; otherwise he could not have failed to admire. The Chinaman with whom he was holding converse was better situated for observation, and spoke to the white man who incontinently turned.

As soon as Miss Elsie had made sure that she was mirrored in his eyes, she nodded with sweet graciousness and waited for him to come over. She eyed him reflectively, meanwhile, and saw that he had very nice eyes, and that his face seemed clean. His attire was very much like that of his companions—which same is more familiar to the Anglo-Saxon in the form of pyjamas.

All about the white man were stoical Chinese, smoking thin-stemmed, little-bowled pipes, playing dominoes and card games, or staring over the rail with unseeing eyes turned in the direction of the Land-of-a-Thousand-Heavens. The majority of the women were single-garmented and bare of foot, only two being small-footed and well-garbed, and on these the other women waited like slaves—for small-feet were the "lady wives" and large-feet nought but slave-wives. Elsie knew nothing of the many castes represented there: saw no difference in the appearance of despised undertaker and opulent merchant, or the dignitary in possession of the "lady-wives" who had made a fortune in smuggling slave-girls to San Francisco, and was returning to live peacefully in his own land.

It was this last dignitary who has informed the white man that "One piecee white-girl coma taka look-see," which bit of information had resulted in the meeting of their eyes. The man's glance was frankly and honestly admiring. He came over and mechanically reached for a hat which had no existence.

"Do you want to look around here?" he asked pleasantly.

Elsie came near to blushing. She choked on several beginnings. "No," she stammered. "You see—I—thought perhaps you might be lonely—and I—" she gained her pretty dignity again—"remembered this is Christmas Eve and I wanted you to feel like Christmas—that is—if I could—"

Elsie was that sort of a democrat which is an aristocrat. There was no benevolent condescension in her attitude toward this waif of the steerage. He was simply a white man forced to travel as a white man should not. Never a thought of her own superiority in station entered her blonde head.

"You see," she went on simply. "Roundabout where I live—in Kentucky that is—at Christmas time, we all used to make up donation parties and things, and anybody that did n't have things to have a merry-Christmas with, we just fixed it up so they had—and so I'm going to see that you have a nice Christmas dinner just like we're going to have up there, because I'm so sorry you're not with us. You see, another thing, I don't know what I would have done if the Government had n't paid my passage out. I didn't have enough money myself, maybe I'd have had to come this way, too. So you see we're very much the same, aren't we now? I'm going out to the Philippines as a school teacher. Are you going there, too?"

"No," he said. "I'm going to Hong-Kong—to work—"

"To get a position," she cried delightedly. "Is n't that splendid. I'm sure you'll do so well. What do you do?"

For a moment, he hesitated. "I'm a stenographer," he said.

Miss Elsie beamed on him and clapped her hands. "Well, what do you think of that," she cried. "I'll tell you a secret.

I'm one, too. I learned it through the correspondence schools. They teach by mail, you know. It took me eight months to learn, and I practiced typewriting, copying off Judge Breckinridge's cases for him—he was our Circuit Judge, you know, and the most splendid lawyer you ever saw. Can you typewrite, too?"

He caught the infection of her smile. "Why yes," he said. "I can typewrite, too."

"That's splendid," decreed Miss Elsie. "I'm sure you'll do awfully well: indeed I am quite sure you will. Oh yes! and Mr. Challice is going to Hong-Kong. I'll tell him to look out and see if he can't help you to get a position quickly."

"You're most awfully kind," stammered the man. "I wish I deserved your kindness—"

"Why I'm not kind at all," she laughed. "That's just pure selfishness. I want to feel like Christmas, and the only way you can feel like Christmas is by helping someone who has less than you have—don't you think so?"

The man fumbled with the buttons of his blouse. "Yes," he agreed abstractedly.

"So you see, I've fixed it up with Mr. Letcher and we're going to have the chief steward furnish you with a dinner just like the one we shall eat. And Mr. Letcher has been just too kind for anything and you're to eat the dinner in his cabin. I call it perfectly lovely of him."

She eyed the man anxiously, for he was showing no elation, only gazing dazedly at her. "Won't you like it?" she asked, entreaty in her voice.

"Like it?" His eyes flashed. "Why you're just the jolliest sort of a good sort. I say, you are really—I—"

She interrupted him with a wave of her hand. "It will make me feel like Christmas, you see. Making someone else happy. It will make you just a little bit happy, won't it?"

He gazed at her in silent admiration. A voice above called, "Miss Morgan."

"That's Mr. Letcher," she informed the man. "The gentleman I spoke of. Now you won't forget. He and I will come down tomorrow evening and take you to his cabin—you'll come, won't you?"

He nodded, speechless.

"And now—" She paused and grew suddenly red; then her little white fingers caught his lean brown hand and something hard slipped in it. "Christmas present," she said lightly. "Just a remembrance of the day. You don't mind, do you?"

She left him and scrambled hastily up the ladder to the saloon-deck and Mr. Letcher.

The man 'tween decks opened his hand and found that it contained a gold half-eagle.

Considerable excitement was brought into existence at luncheon by a simple statement made by the Hon. Archer Challice. The Captain had been exerting himself all day to provide the usual Christmas Eve revels of Albion; and first on the program was, of course, the dinner, *par excellence*, which he had ordered prepared. On English liners, good dinners are invariable. But this was to be an exceptional dinner, a dinner only to be excelled by the Christmas feast the next day.

"It's hard lines," commented the Captain, after dwelling on the subject for some little time, "that the Governor-General can't preside—"

"Eh—what's that?" asked Mr. Challice.

The captain repeated his statement.

"But he can preside," said the Hon. Archer. "He'll be down tonight—or rather up—told me about it a little while ago, but I forgot to mention it—"

Having delivered his bomb-shell, Mr. Challice continued to dissect his fish. Not so the matrons and their daughters, most especially Mrs. Heightley. For them, food was now impossible. They withdrew within themselves and plotted, gushing meanwhile of totally different things.

"Good," said the Captain commenting on Mr. Challice's statement with the outward imperturbability of a true Briton. "Then we'll have His Excellency in my place, at the head of the table, and I'll take the foot. You, Mr. Challice, will of course be on his right, and on his left—eh?" The captain pondered.

By all the rules of the game, one of the opposite sex should have the place of honor on the left. Captain Robinson, however, objected to playing Paris and awarding apples, for the commander of a passenger liner must be popular with his charges—that is one of the reasons he is selected. But he had made the fatal blunder of mentioning the place without the name. When he left the saloon to go on deck, he was pounced upon by the alert Mrs. Heightley who, in a diplomatic, cultured way, urged the pre-eminence of Lurania for the seat of honor.

"Ah, yes, madam, quite so," said Captain Robinson with a courtly smile. "But I have no voice in the matter. Mr. Challice has informed me that the Marquis desires to meet the ladies aboard with a view to making his own choice; so you see—ah yes! pardon me—"

But before he managed to reach the bridge, as relief to the executive officer, he had been waylaid by three matrons with daughters, and by three unmarried girls, acting for themselves.

"All American women love a lord," he informed the executive officer on reaching the bridge, a slightly different version of the accepted truism, but looked upon by the Captain as original.

"Sure," said the executive officer, who was an American.

"By the by," added the Captain, "what have those women got against that pretty little Miss Morgan. I think she's a most decent sort. Eh?"

"Well," returned the executive officer, "she's too blamed pretty and sweet and natural, and makes the other girls aboard look like thirty cents Mex. with a hole in it. That's the bally row—as you have it."

At the very moment she was being discussed, little Miss Morgan was snugly ensconced in her steamer-chair again, and the Hon. Mr. Challice was near by, smoking a cigaret and telling her about fox-hunting in Sussex in return for her information about the same sort of thing in Kentucky. He was rejoiced to find that there were many points of similarity, and was in the midst of a tirade against the anise-seed bag as opposed to the real reynard, when Mrs. Heightley coughed

near by. Challice looked up and met her eyes.

"May I speak with you a moment, Mr. Challice?" she asked.

"Right-o," said Mr. Challice getting up. "Sit down, Mrs. Heightley—"

Mrs. Heightley cast a freezing look on Miss Morgan, and then smiled on Mr. Challice.

"Alone, dear Mr. Challice," she explained; and when Challice, with a resigned air had excused himself to Miss Elsie, she followed up her statement with, "Of course, men can talk to anyone, but women have to be so particular—"

"Eh—what's that?" queried Mr. Challice.

"I don't want you to think me hateful, but, of course, you understand that for women that little Morgan girl is impossible."

"Ah—indeed," said Mr. Challice and gave her the British stare, cold and fishy.

"Now as regards His Excellency, the Marquis—" she began.

Mr. Challice had withdrawn into the outer shell of complete British snobbishness and superiority, than which no more insulting thing there is on earth. "You've got it wrong," he explained with brutal candor. "His Excellency the Governor-General, or His Lordship, the Marquis is correct, but people of his own class generally refer to him in a social way as Lord Tainholme—"

She accepted the snub without recognizing it. "I should like to present my daughters to him before all the rest come in," she informed Mr. Challice.

"Very well," said Mr. Challice. "I'll ask his permission. He won't be up until just before dinner. I'm off now."

He started away to find Miss Morgan again, but saw that several men had preempted the vacant chairs near by. "Old cat!" he muttered viciously, referring to Mrs. Heightley and, turning the corner of the smoke-room, delivered himself into the hands of another of the Philistines, a Mrs. Cassilis. With a sigh which would have done credit to the Christian martyrs, he stood and listened.

Before he went down to dress for dinner, he had made many and various promises. Each matron had hinted regarding the

seat on the left; but he had not allowed their hints to remain in that shape. He had dragged them forth from their lairs, and promised each separate one that her daughter, or herself, as the case might be, should have the desired post of priority. He grinned with satisfaction when each one thanked him and went away preening herself. He was safe enough until the time came, for he had extracted from each one a promise to keep the secret.

When he was alone in his cabin, he indulged in a long, loud laugh. "Jolly good, that," he told himself. "Haw! Haw! jolly good—I say, it is, you know."

He dressed himself with some care and rubbed his pumps off with a bit of rag. Sallying forth into the drawing-room cabin of His Excellency's suite, he saw the Marquis of Tainholme, in evening clothes, seated at his typewriter and pecking away busily, but unskilfully.

"I say, Arch," the Marquis paused and shifted the sheet up two spaces, "what's a decent compensation for an assistant secretary who is a stenographer and typewriter and all that sort of thing?"

"Well," calculated Mr. Challice, "you gave Lynch three hundred quid."

The Marquis frowned. "Too little, too little," he said. "Beastly bad pay—that's the reason he left. How's four hundred?"

"Too much."

"Four hundred is—how much in American dollars? Two thousand, yes, quite so. Thank you, Arch." He pecked away at the typewriter for a few minutes longer, then pulled out the sheet, took it over to the *escritoire* and signed his name in a large flowing hand. The paper he folded and thrust into the inner pocket of his dinner-coat.

Challice examined his wrist watch. "I say, Dick, it's near to seven—only a few minutes lacking. And I've got an awful raft of folks to introduce to you—"

The Marquis frowned. "What sort?" he asked.

"Well, there are some good fellows and nice folk, but the majority are a lot of bounders—most especially the women—the title, you know?" he explained.

The Marquis frowned bitterly. "Title," he said. "Damn the title—it destroys

sincerity. Why can't I be judged as a thinker—as a—”

After this remark, it is hardly necessary to state that the Marquis was still young. He was. He was hardly older than Mr. Challice, who, besides being his secretary happened to be his best friend.

They went up to the music-saloon, arm in arm, and found waiting for them many women in dinner-gowns, and a few men in evening dress lounging about, smiling incuriously. The appearance of the slim, hawk-nosed, well-groomed man on Challice's arm created some sensation. The men smiled some more, and the women began to edge toward the two new arrivals. Mrs. Heightley, with Lurania, Essene, and Savene, three plump girls with placid smiles, pushed to the front, and Challice, with a diabolical grin, presented her.

We shall draw a veil. We like neither British superiority nor American fawning. Other people followed Mrs. Heightley. The Marquis, smiling and quite at ease, looked over them with much the same eye with which he would have inspected a regiment of soldiers or a gathering of his tenants.

But all the time his eye had been seeking something which it presently found. He abruptly shut off Mrs. Cassilis' conversation and took Challice's arm.

“Who is that pretty little thing in blue—yellow hair—just outside the port window?” he asked. “Well, it's no matter, go bring her in, and give her this before you bring her.” He leaned over and whispered something swiftly in Challice's ear. “Explain,” he added.

“Oh, Lord!” said Challice and moved away, still with the diabolical grin. He glanced back and saw the wave of chattering femininity surge once again upon his friend.

“Oh, Lord!” He grinned again, and, shaking with suppressed mirth, he reached Miss Morgan's side. She was sitting just outside the saloon window, and Mr. Letcher had a moment before left her to procure some cigars for himself.

“I say, Miss Morgan,” half-choked Challice, handing her the folded paper which he had previously inspected. “Dick—Tainholme, you know—the Governor—told me to give you this—and—”

Even while struggling with his laughter, he noted that she was looking exceptionally sweet in a blue gown. She took the proffered paper and glanced at it in the half-light from the saloon windows. The next moment she was clutching it close to her face—

“But—but—” she gasped. “This is—my appointment as—assistant secretary—two thousand dollars—oh, Mr. Challice! How perfectly dear of you—how—”

Challice was shaking his head. “Did n't know a thing,” he declared. “All new to me—you see he's a most 'straordinary chap—in London put on workingman's clothes, went with workingmen to find out—now, going out to govern Chinese—wanted to find out about Chinese—same thing, you understand—Oh, Lord! it's all right—Please come on and meet him—”

He caught Miss Morgan's arm and half-dragged her into the music-room, pushing his way among the other women.

The girl looked up and wondered if her eyes saw aright. The vicious remarks of Mrs. Heightley, “I should think Mr. Challice would have more decency—” “Forward little minx,” from Miss Cassilis. “These men—all alike,” from some one else came to her ears without understanding.

She saw only the kindly honest eyes of the man 'tween decks—the man 'tween decks attired in a smartly-cut dinner coat and smiling an honest English welcome to her over his broad expanse of spotless linen.

“Dick,” said Challice, “this is Miss Elsie Morgan; Miss Elsie, Lord Tainholme—the Governor, you know,” he added explanatorily.

Her blue eyes met his. “The appointment,” she stammered; “I—what—” She was dazed.

The right hand of the Marquis took one of her little pink and white ones and pressed it warmly. The left hand of the Marquis fished out a golden half-eagle from his waistcoat pocket.

“A fair exchange is no robbery,” he said gaily. “And besides, I needed a stenographer for my assistant secretary; and also besides, Christmas, as someone has aptly said, is enjoyable only when we try to help others.”

He still held her hand, and looked around the music-saloon with a slightly amused air. Mr. Challice was rubbing his knuckles in glee. "This is jolly good," murmured the Honorable Archer Challice, looking at Mrs. Heightley from the tail of his eye.

Meanwhile, the Marquis had said in a

slightly louder tone: "Miss Morgan, will you give me the honor of taking you into dinner?"

Still somewhat dazed, she moved along with him leaning on his arm.

If Mrs. Heightley had been a man she would have undoubtedly set a new record in profanity.

Prophecy and Prayer

BY ELOISE LEE SHERMAN

Aunt Tillie's cabin faced the Hainsville road. It was Saturday, and as the negroes from the outlying farms went by on their way "to town," where they went to dispose of their weekly supply of chickens, butter, and eggs, Aunt Tilly sat on her vine covered porch and hailed her friends as they passed. Her salutation was accompanied by an inquiry as to the probability of rain, for there had been more than a month of drought, and the budding cotton in the fields was beginning to droop and shrivel in the sun.

Uncle Israel, jogging along on "Bildad," was stopped by the usual question from Aunt Tilly; for the old man was a weather prophet and his opinion was of value at such a time. Guiding his mule close to the fence, Uncle Israel threw his left leg over the saddle horn and settled himself for a comfortable chat.

"Dat a mighty pond'rus quation you done ax me, Sis Williams," he said, as he pushed back his dusty felt hat and mopped his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief. "Hit's one dat 'quires keerful consideration an' hit's been 'sturbin' my mine powerfully; but fo' we goes into de 'ticulars er de case, I wisht you'd tell me whedder yo' well is dry er not, 'caze if hit aint, I is."

Aunt Tilly laughingly reached for the gourd which hung on a nail just outside the cabin door and, going to the well, she drew up a bucket of water and handed a gourdful over the fence to the old man.

Uncle Israel drained it to the last drop before returning it, then wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Dey aint nothin' better 'en water when you's thusty," he remarked, "an' speakin'

er water, dat brings us back to whar' we wus fo' we started.

"Hit's dis way: hit's ap' to rain, and yet ag'in, hit's ap' not to rain. De yearth a-callin' fo' water: des' look ober dere at dat cotton fiel' a famishin' fo' a drink, and look roun' at de trees an' bushes—dat blackbe'y bush right 'crost de ditch mos' done swiveled up to nothin'; an' dat vine ober yo' front do' hit done got right peaky, an' I say dis: De Lawd he done make dese things to grow up outer de groun' an' he aint forgot 'em; He des' busy tendin' to somphin' else, but He gwine to 'member 'em an' when He do, den look out!—'caze dey gwine to be sech anudder rain es we aint seen in years, an' 'cordin' to my way er thinkin', hit aint so fur off needer."

"Br'er Dorsey gwine to hol' a special pra'r meetin' at Ol' Ship tomorrow night; he sont word for me an' Dilsy to be dere sho'. He gwine to pray fo' rain," Aunt Tilly explained.

Uncle Israel chuckled inwardly, for the minister had consulted him only the day before as to the advisability of holding this "meeting," and had decided to do so on the strength of the weather prophet's assertion that "de moon were due to clip sometime in de early part er de week an' hit was mo' 'en likely dat a storm would incur on de same night."

"Dat's right, Sis' Williams, git all de people togedder an' pray. De Lawd gwine to send de rain anyhow, but I b'leev's in pra'r! Br'er Dorsey is sholy a dissuasive pray-er, too—you say he done 'quested Dilsy to be dar?"

"Dat's whut he done," Tilly answered. "He be'n settin' up to Dilsy lately; but

land, Br'er Dorsey's settin' up to de whole female side er de congregation, so I don't reckon hit mean nothin'. He des' lak' er weddervane in er win' dat's comin' frum all sides: he p'int fu'st at one gal, den at anudder, 'twill I b'leeve he done got so dizzy tu'nin' dat he cyan' see none er 'em straight. I hyear folks say he p'int at Ma'y Bowen an' Dilsy mo' oftener den at de

"Bildad" lightly with a peach tree switch, and Aunt Tilly stepped back to avoid the cloud of dust which arose from behind the departing rider.

As she turned toward the cabin, a slim girl in a limp red calico dress came out of the door and started in the direction of the gate.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNER

Raising her eyes she saw the Reverend Emanuel Dorsey.

res', but I don' know how true hit is. Dat man sho' ought to 'a' be'n bawn cross-eyed, 'caze den he could 'a' kep' one eye on de glory er Gawd whiles' he kep' de udder on de women."

Uncle Israel laughed as he turned in the saddle and picked up the rope bridle.

"Well," he said, "Br'er Dorsey could do wus' den to git you fo' a mudder-in-law, Sis' Williams, but I's settin' hyar talkin' when I ought to be half way to town. I'll see you tomorrow night at Ol' Ship. Gid ap, mule," he added, touching

"Wha' you gwine, Dilsy?" Aunt Tilly called after her.

Dilsy paused and swung her blue gingham sun-bonnet around her finger in an embarrassed manner. "I des' gwine down de road er piece."

"Whut you gwine down de road fo'? Is you done i'oned dat white dress er yourn lac' I tol' you?"

Dilsy answered the last question. "Yaas 'm, I i'oned hit, but I could n' flute dat ruffle lac' you does; I thought mebby you'd do hit fo' me."

Aunt Tilly repressed a smile and looked threatening. "I 'clar', fo' gracious, Dilsy, ye' aint wuth yo' salt. You need n' be soddin' you' cap fo' Brer Dorsey 'twill yo' l'arn how to i'on, 'caze you know a preacher 'bleeged to have biled shirts to keep up he repetition. I bet you's gwine down to de creek to wade right dis minute."

Dilsy laughed, showing two rows of even white teeth. "How you happen to guess," she asked.

"Aint you nebber gwine to grow up," demanded her mother. "Seems to me a big sebenteen year ol' gal 'ud be 'shamed to cut up such didoes."

"I got mo' time to be ol' in den I has to be young," Dilsy replied wisely.

"Den you spoke a parable," ejaculated Aunt Tilly as she sank into the splint bot-tomed chair on the cabin porch.

Dilsy crossed the road, jumped lightly over the ditch on the opposite side and began to "cut across" the field in the direction of a line of willows which bordered the creek. The afternoon sun was hot, and now and then a grasshopper leapt from the ground at her feet, disturbed by her passing. A big black winged butterfly circled lazily over her head and fluttered away, and from a distance came the sharp cry of a guinea-hen calling for rain.

Reaching the willows, Dilsy sat down and removed her "brogans" and stockings, and after trying the warmth of the water with her toes, she lifted her skirts and began wading along the shallow edge of the stream. The sandy bottom felt deliciously cool to the soles of her bare brown feet and the ripple of the water about her ankles sent little thrills of delight over her.

Indeed, so engrossed was she in her innocent enjoyment, that she was unaware of having waded down to where the creek flowed under a bridge at the road crossing, until a man's deep voice accosted her, and raising her eyes she saw the Reverend Emmanuel Dorsey.

Brother Dorsey was tall and inclined to embonpoint, the latter condition probably due to the many offerings of fried chicken, 'tater pies, and other rich delicacies which the wise virgins of his flock continually laid upon the shrine of his eligibility.

His age was somewhere between thirty and thirty-five. He was clean shaven except for rather long "sideburns," and he always wore a frock coat, the lining of which had shrunken somewhat, causing the skirt to pucker around the bottom. It was also slightly green along the seams, but dignified withal. On his head, tilted just a little to one side, he wore a dented "beaver hat," and about his neck, a ready-tied red cravat announced itself a gay concession to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

Just now the beaver hat was laid aside and the red cravat was somewhat awry, for the Reverend Emmanuel, seated at the end of the bridge in the shade of the willows, was deep in the joys of fishing.

As Dilsy looked up and saw him there, her heart gave a sudden little bound, but her greeting was as cool as the water in which she stood. Too cool, in fact, to suit Brother Dorsey, for he was accustomed to being received with self-conscious coquetry by the women of his congregation, and Dilsy's nonchalant, "Hello, fisherman!" piqued his vanity.

He was not at all "in love" with her, he often assured himself. There were several women of "The Old Ship of Zion," who would make much better wives, and he thought perhaps he would "rather have Ma'y Bowen den Dilsy anyhow." But the latter's utter disregard for the rules of the game as laid down by the female contingent of "Old Ship" was a constant puzzle to the pastor, and as a puzzle, decidedly fascinating.

After her perfunctory greeting, Dilsy apparently forgot him as she waded slowly up and down the stream and the Reverend Emmanuel became so absorbed in watching her that his bobber went under several times unnoticed.

Presently, however, he brought his line up with a sudden swish, looked at the empty hook in astonishment, and after baiting it again, leaned over the bridge and dropped it directly in front of the girl below.

Dilsy was surprised into looking up. "What in de lan's name you doin'," she inquired with a laugh.

"Fishin'," Brother Dorsey replied seriously.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Uncle Israel drained it to the last drop before returning it.

"Oh!" said Dilsy and laughed again.

"You reckon I gwine to catch anything?" said he, wiggling his line before her.

"You mought," Dilsy answered and Brother Dorsey smiled confidently. "An' yit ag'in," she continued, unheeding, "you moughten'," and the minister's smile faded to a very dry grin, indeed, as the girl turned and began to wade slowly up the creek.

The following morning dawned fair and oppressively warm, and the negro cotton planters, who had been encouraged by the announcement that their minister would hold "a special meetin' to pray fo' rain," shook their heads dejectedly as they read the unfavorable "weather signs."

But the women of "Old Ship," especially those who were unmarried, or widowed, were not so easily disheartened, and the varied assortment of umbrellas and parasols which appeared in church that night, testified eloquently to their faith in Brother Dorsey's power of invocation.

The church, a small weather-stained building of unpretentious aspect, stood at the crossing of the roads, a position chosen on account of its accessibility, as the congregation which usually assembled there came from a radius of many miles. In fact, the minister himself lived nearly a mile from the church.

Tonight every bench was filled to overflowing, and Aunt Tilly and Dilsy, who arrived late, sat in the aisle in chairs. Dilsy had refused to start without an umbrella, and they had been obliged to stop and hunt for one, much to her mother's disgust.

"Anybody 'd think you wus 'spectin' a cloud bu'st, an' not a cloud in de sky no whar'," she grumbled as they started out at last.

But Dilsy only hugged her green umbrella closer and did not reply. She might like to "manage" the Reverend Emmanuel, but she entertained a great respect for his ability as a "pray-er" and had no intention of having her freshly ironed white dress spoiled by the rain.

But her precautions were all unnecessary, as were those of the other disappointed "Sisters of Zion," for the sky was

as cloudless and the air as hot when they stood up to sing the doxology, as it was when Brother Dorsey opened the meeting with a half hour prayer for rain. However, they must not become discouraged Brother Dorsey had said.

"If we don't git whut we wants the fu'st time, we gwine ax fo' hit de secon' time, an' ef we don't git hit de secon' time, my brudders an' sisters, we gwine ax fo' hit de thu'd time, an' ef we don't git hit de thu'd time, Oh Lawd, we gwine to keep right on a-axin' yo' fo' hit. So I se's to yo', my brudders an' sisters, ef hit don't rain tonight, I don' want you to git discouraged. We gwine to hol' a pra'r meetin' hyear ev'y night fo' a week an' pray dat de Lawd 'll open de flood gates er heaben an' let de water pou' down on dis hyear dried up ol' yearth er ourn. 'Caze de Lawd done denounce de fac' dat whutever you ax fo' you shell git."

In spite of Brother Dorsey's encouragement, there was some dissatisfaction among the negroes, for there were those who expected the service to bring instantaneous results, and they could not help a feeling of disappointment.

The day following the first prayer meeting was enough to discourage the most sanguine of those who had so confidently prayed for rain the evening before.

Overhead the sky was a pale turquoise, without a cloud to dim the brilliancy of the sun, and though, just at twilight, the guineas began their excited cry, those who were "weather-wise" said that they "Called de rain frum a long ways off."

At seven o'clock the negroes began flocking toward the cross-roads, and at eight o'clock the "Old Ship of Zion" was as crowded as on the previous night; but the congregation looked dispirited and Brother Dorsey observed that there was a considerable decrease in the number of umbrellas.

Dilsy and Aunt Tilly arrived among the first, for Dilsy had been careful to leave her umbrella in a conspicuous place beside the cabin door, so there was no occasion for delay.

After church, as they toiled wearily homeward through the moonlight, Aunt Tilly plied her palm leaf fan vigorously



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDLEY

"We gwine hol' a pra'r meetin' hyear ev'y night fo' a week."

with every step and as she fanned, she grew sarcastic and inquired of Dilsy if she "had n' better open up de umbrella to keep off de dew." But Dilsy only laughed.

On the third night of the "speshul pra'r meetin's," the congregation had dwindled to about half its usual size, and was composed almost entirely of women, and the Reverend Emmanuel was grieved to note that only a few of these carried umbrellas.

Aunt Tilly refused to attend the service, but Dilsy's faith was strong. She sat up very straight in the Amen corner, her green umbrella clasped tightly in both hands, and Mary Bowen noticed that the preacher's eyes strayed often in that direction.

And so the fourth night came and no rain.

After the service Brother Dorsey again consulted Uncle Israel.

"I thought you done tol' me las' week dat de moon were gwine to clip long 'bout Monday, Unker Isru'l," he complained, holding the weather prophet securely by both coat lapels as if afraid he would run away.

Uncle Israel did, indeed, look 'as if such were his desire.

"Uh-uh-now, Br'er Dorsey," he stammered, "I hope you aint gwine to blame me fo' de unluck er dese hyear pra'r meetin's, 'caze when I tol' you dat de moon were gwine to clip, I sholy 'spected hit to do so long 'bout Monday. Dat howcome I were so brash es to promise you rain. I rec'on I mus' a-be'n des a little ahead er myse'f wid dat predicament, er else de moon done los' track er de time, but I don' want you to think I had nothin' to do wid hit whut-some-eber. You des keep on a-prayin', Br'er Dorsey, an' dat 'ar rain gwine to 'sprize you, 'caze hit on de way now an' hit 'bleeged to strike dis part er de country fo' long."

On the fifth night there was no change in the weather, and the negroes, weary but persistent, dropped into their seats with a resigned air which plainly said, "We have come to pray, but we don' 'spect nothin' in return fo' our pra'rs." There was not an umbrella in the church.

Then Dilsy came. Her starched skirts rattled as she walked up the aisle and the congregation, craning their necks to see, tittered audibly as she carefully deposited her green umbrella against the wall of the Amen corner.

The air outside the church was filled with humidity and inside the reek of the smoking oil lamps made the place almost unbearable.

Like a swarm of moths, the palm leaf fans fluttered everywhere, and as Brother Dorsey's voice was raised in earnest supplication for "Dat storm you been holdin' back so long, Oh Lawd," the moans and groans which punctuated his sentences came as much from physical discomfort, as from spiritual depression.

At the conclusion of the prayer, a "sister" in the back of the church started a melancholy hymn, which told of a certain "blin' man who sat on de way an' cried," and as she sang the other negroes joined their voices to hers until the "Old Ship of Zion" rang with melody.

In fact, so deafened were they by their music, that they were unaware of the distant mutterings of thunder which had grown louder and louder as they sang, and when presently a vivid flash of lightning was followed by an ear-splitting crash which shook the church, the negroes looked at one another in open-mouthed wonder.

Some of the more practical ones of the congregation began closing the heavy "window shutters," and they were none too soon, for almost immediately after the thunder clap, the rain began dashing furiously against the sides of the little meeting-house, and the negroes, realizing that their prayers had at last been answered, fell upon their knees while Brother Dorsey poured out his soul in thanks for "de many-festations of de Lawd's blessin'."

After the minister had done, several of the "elders" and one or two of the "zorters" felt called upon for "des a little 'spression er dey 'preciation in pra'r," and when they finished, Brother Dorsey stood up to dismiss his followers with the customary "few words."

A little later, as the congregation began

to leave the church, Brother Dorsey hurried to Dilsy, and taking her aside, he whispered in her ear:

"Dilsy, honey, is dey room fo' two under dat umberrella er yourn?"

Dilsy stared. "Why, Brer Dorsey, does you mean to say dat you aint got—" she began, then noting his expression, she

ended tactfully, "no udder gal you'd ruther take?"

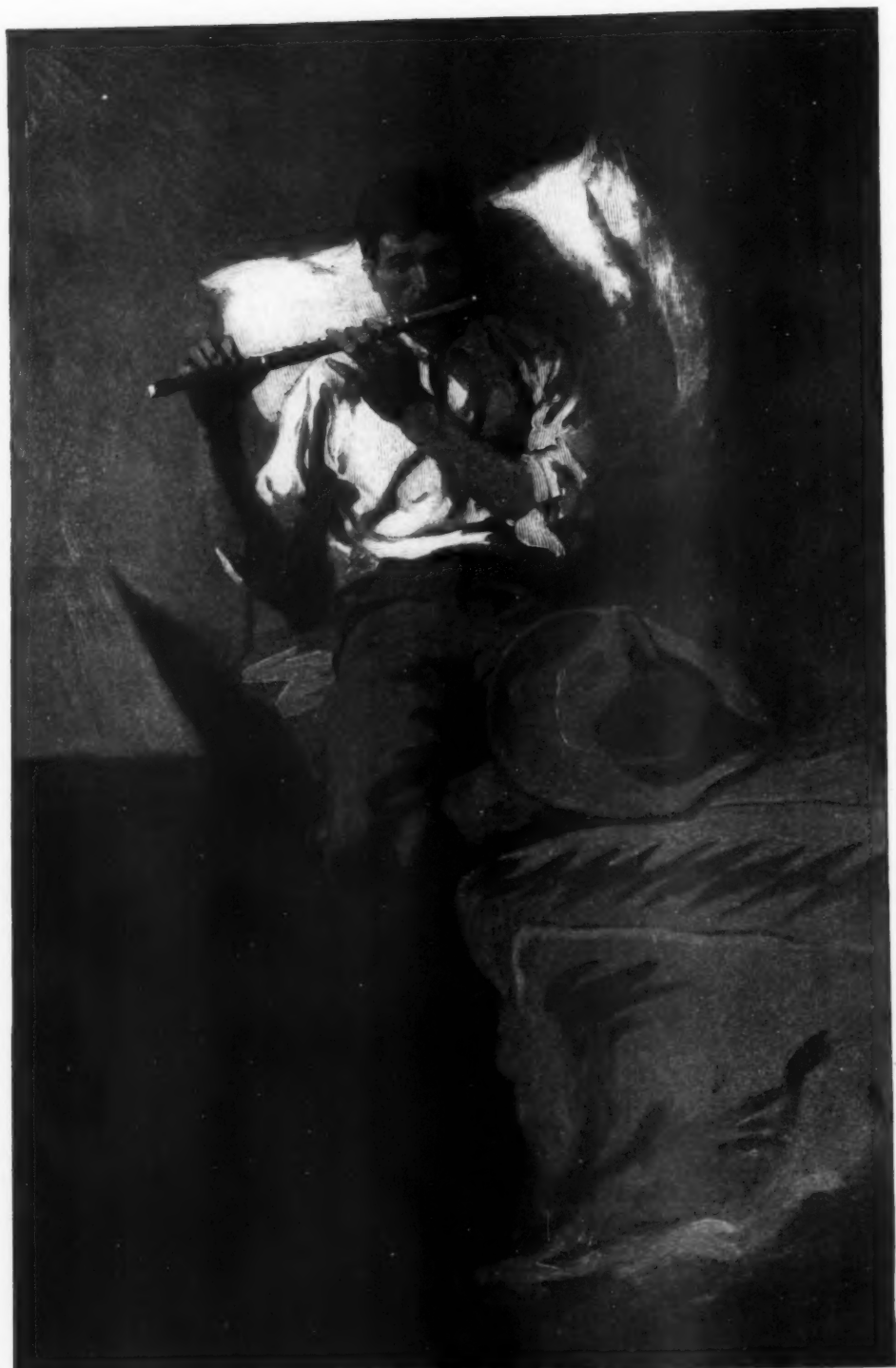
And Brother Dorsey, smiling tenderly down upon her replied, "I'd ruther walk wid you in de rain, honey, den to walk wid any odder gal under de fines' gol'-handled par'sol in de worl'!"

And Dilsy was satisfied.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"Dilsy, honey, is dey room fo' two under dat umberrella?"



DRAWN BY JOHN W. NORTON

The dolorous air of "Barbara Alien" was wailed forth.

"A Sequel to the States."

A Sequel to the States

BY F. L. STEALEY

Author of "A Placard at Tender John's," etc.

The Tortolito was attenuated to an alkali trickle; the weathered buildings of the stage station seemed baking browner in the hot *barranca* on that September afternoon. By the dusty-faced alarm clock on its shelf over the head of the bunk in the stock-tender's shanty, the daily coach bound for Santa Fé was nearly due. The four gray horses, standing in their stalls in the adjacent stable, harnessed in readiness for the change, knew the time to a minute. The upper half-door of the stable hung open and from within issued the stamp of petulant hoofs and the snuffing of nostrils eager for the breeze on the *piñon* plateau.

These sounds of the stable were too familiar to be consciously heard by two men who stood in talk before the door, watching for the coach.

Lonny, the stock-tender, whose bow-legs and chunky body were offset by a huge Chihuahua hat costing a month's wages, was speaking:

"Yes, Bill, this here Santer Fee trail is peaceabler jes' now than the street of one of them little country towns in the states. The last thing doin' was three weeks back when 'Chuck-a-luck,' one of them lately-arriv' Trinidad tin-horns, aspired to be *bandolero* an' stopped the coach in Devil's Cañon. Boze Smith happened to be aboard an' frosted them sproutin' ambitions of hisn by cuttin' loose out of the winder an' wingin' him. So he played in hard luck, but was on a good horse an' made his git-away. 'Round him up for the reward,' says Boze Smith. He's a deputy sheriff." Lonny paused to give his hat an added tilt. "I aint."

The long, lean man with whom the stock-tender gossiped, looked at him with humorous eyes. They were eyes of the changeful color steel takes in tempering, set wide apart above a stout snub nose much burnt by the sun, which had given a flaxen bleaching to his mustache and bush of light hair. Girthy in the chest and gaunt in the flank, he reminded you of a long, lean, flaxen-maned horse,

high-strung but broken in to restraint.

In territorial etiquette you might ask a man when he left the states, but never why. Of William Brander, little was known except that he had a shack and corral in the Tortolito cañon below, where he ran a bunch of cows branded with two Bs connected. For anything else, in the language of the range, "Bill Brander herded mostly to hisself."

The stock-tender, who claimed the distinction of ancient friendship with Brander, sometimes hinted of doings in the states not at all compatible with the present quiet tenor of the cowman's way. But too strict a reliance could not be placed in Lonny's interesting reminiscences by his auditors, his imagination being frequently over-stimulated by a small hand-keg kept secreted in the manger and replenished by sympathetic drivers with "mountain water," that of the Tortolito being somewhat too "slick" with alkali for Lonny's sensitive palate.

Vexed at Brander's inattention, the stock-tender suddenly changed his manner and tone:

"Bill, you may call me a blame fool, but—say, do you swallow all this here about sperits of the departed?"

"Such as was in the empty hand-keg departed for Trinidad last week? I saw you hand it up to the driver, Lonny, when I was waitin' for my mail," said Brander carelessly.

"Bill, this aint no josh," the stock-tender said uneasily. Trinidad whiskey had more than once caused him to see snakes—and why not spirits? "Taint a week ago sence I seen a sperit of the departed; for you an' me both has good reason to believe he cashed in at Taos this spring."

Brander's face betrayed his interest and Lonny's glancing eye was appeased.

"You used to run with him in the states, an' I know blame well, Bill, why you played his *compadre* in them days—an' why you won't even look at a Mexican girl now! I aint forgot how you used to

tote in black haws an' ripe pawpaws to tae old school-house for his slim sister; an' when she wore them red ribbons in her purty black hair, as skittish as a filly at the county fair—"

Lonny stopped at the menace in Brander's eyes.

"Oh, well, don't git hot under the collar, Bill.

"'Bout this here apperishun: I seen it at Meadows' ranch. Took over a message late one evenin' an' I was settin' in the buckboard waitin' for old Meadows to sign the receipt, when at the open window there appears an' looks down on me a pale young feller with his arm in a sling. I rubbed my eyes to make sure an' looks ag'in an' sees nobody. May 'a' been the bug-juice got in to my head ag'in, Bill, but it was the plumb picter of Rich Roland—Ah, here she comes like a blue ribboner beatin' tan-bark down hill!"

And renouncing reminiscences, Lonny dived into the stable to detach the haltered horses of the relay.

With a look in his eyes like that of a boy at a circus parade, the lonely cowman watched the coming of the coach, never tiring of that pageant of the trail. The brake-blocks pressed lightly on the spinning wheels and the four lathering horses stretched out with slackened tugs as the heavy coach bore on them down the *barranca's* slope to the creek. Dust from their heels hid wheels and gear, and in the rising cloud the body of the coach seemed to sail, huge and red and barbaric, with slanting leather boot.

It had hardly stopped before Lonny was unhooking the tugs; the driver, unbuckling his lines, tossed them off, two on either side, and sat waiting to receive those of the fresh horses being hooked up. The messenger threw off the mail sack, and climbing down from the box, opened the door and assisted a lady to descend.

Brander, standing near while the horses were being changed, noted the trim little figure in her brown linen duster, and small traveling hat wrapped about with a veil that, falling over her face, left visible only a dimpled chin and a little ear peeping out from glossy braids of dark hair. But Lonny's talk had freshened old memories, and no disguise could have hid her

from him. She appeared before him, as unexpectedly as a heavenly visitant.

And so she was to him. His weather-tanned face was suddenly glorified by a look of worship; alas, that it must be at a distance! Swift to avoid her recognition, with the curiously aroused instinct of the farm boy, he turned and vanished in the stable to seek solace amid the horses and the hay.

Meantime, the fresh team was hooked up, the coach was starting, and the four jaded horses were filing to the stable followed by Lonny, when he came on the lady standing in uncertainty. She lifted her veil, disclosing a pretty brunette face, looking now rather tired, and Lonny rushed forward, doffing his *sombrero* as he cried:

"Why, Miss Jeannette! you sure aint arrove from the states?"

"O yes! Lonny, but is this really you?"

Miss Jeannette Roland held out her gloved fingers with the frank manner of the country-bred girl, unaffectedly glad to meet an old hand wandered from the home farm.

"O Lonny, I must go out to Mr. Meadows' place at once," she said, while Lonny was adjusting his twenty-ounce hat.

"Sure, Miss Jeannette. I'll take you over in the buckboard. Come right in the shanty an' take a cheer while I hitch up."

Lonny dusted off his one chair with a horse-blanket, saw her seated, and hastened to the stable.

Brander stood there just within the door. One look at his face was enough: vainly he tried to appear unconcerned.

"Bill, you seen her!" the stock-tender cried. "I'm to take her over to Meadows' ranch—the boys was to meet her, but she come in a day ahead of time. Put a single harness on the bay in the back stall, Bill, while I unharness these here stage horses."

His expert fingers had completed the work when Brander led out the bay horse. Lonny paused and eyed him dramatically.

"The chancet of your life, Bill, has arrove! Drive her over yourself an' straighten it all out. She aint forgot them old days in the states, neither; she aint the forgittin' kind, er she would n't 'a'

come so quick when Rich Roland writ. You can gamble it's him at Meadows': the Rolands and them is kin, you know."

Somewhat savagely, Brander declined the proffer, fixing on the stock-tender a kindling eye that effectually quenched his officious remonstrances. He stood

His homeward route lay down the creek, but he made a circuit to avoid the Meadows' ranch; and were his going an indication of the state of his mind that must have been sorely perturbed. Now he rode with loose reins and head on breast; now, rousing his horse with his raking stock



DRAWN BY JOHN W. NORTON

The messenger assisted a lady to descend.

screened by the stable door and saw the buckboard with its two occupants take the road down the creek. Then he emerged, and walking to the store across the Tortolito, called for his mail. The usual solitary weekly paper was promptly passed out by the storekeeper, and Brander, untying his horse from the hitching-rack, got in the saddle.

spurs, he loped through the draws and plunged down the *arroyos* and leaped the washouts in the rough *piñon* breaks.

His claim lay fifteen miles below the station; night came on before he had reached the spot where the Tortolito cañoned-up, and had ridden the steep trail to his cabin.

The hut of *piñon* pickets, originally

stuck up by some nomadic herder, was placed so close to the protecting cliff as to be indistinguishable, in the darkness, to stranger eyes. It sufficed for shelter, and the cowman's simple life, and held down the claim—which was but a watering-place in the cañon, Brander having the old time cowman's aversion to tilling the soil.

He dismounted before the door, drew off his saddle, and taking a pair of rawhide hobbles from the peg driven in the picket wall, hobbled his horse, and, removing the bridle, released him to move cat-hopping off to grass.

He threw open the door and striking a match lit the lamp on the pine board table. In the light the interior showed exceedingly clean and not unpleasant. The mud-plastered walls had been given a coating of the ocherish earth called by the Mexicans *almagre*, making them a rich cream color. The neat Mexican fireplace ran up in one corner. Frying-pan and coffee-pot stood on the hearth; on a shelf over the table a Spartan service of tin cups and plates was ranged neatly.

For purity, it might have been the cell of an anchorite—the walls held no pictures of flaming beauties—had it not been that the light shone on the silver keys of a flute resting in two antelope spikes, over the bunk and within easy reach of the reclining occupant's hand.

Brander stooped at the hearth and poured out and drank a cup of cold coffee. Seated on the bunk, he unbuckled his belt and hung it with his six-shooter at his right hand. Unbuttoning his spurs, he let them drop and then leaned back on the blankets.

He lay with lack-luster eyes until, reaching up, he took down the flute. Doubtless his feeling was lachrymose, for the dolorous air of "Barbara Allen" was wailed forth in a manner to melt the Western auditor's heart.

It was an unappreciative auditor, however, who happened to hear the strain. The flute player, in a pause, was made aware of the approach of a horseman by the beat of hoofs accompanied by the gay jingle of Mexican spur-bells.

Brander, replacing his flute in its

rest, arose, and stood in the doorway.

A rider drew up, sprang from the saddle before the door, and flinging his bridle-reins over his horse's head, left him to stand panting. This visitor evidently was no stranger to the cabin for he strode in, exclaiming:

"I heard the old piccolo going a hundred yards back, Bill, and knowed you must be here in the shanty."

Free in his manners as his speech, he threw himself astride of Brander's one chair with his face to his host. He was a dark and dashing man, something of a dandy, too, in his dress, from his small boots bedecked with silver spurs to the gaily-stitched riding gauntlets drawn over his shapely hands and reaching to the elbows.

Even as he sat, he kept up a restless movement that set his spurs atinkling, while his bold and magpie black eyes moved and took in every object in the room, though its contents were familiar enough to him.

This gentleman, known as Boze Smith, wasted none of his time nor energy in passing compliments with Brander, for as he said:

"Bill, I've rid over on business. Picking up a few steers to ship. Just come from Meadows'. Me and him traded all right for his little bunch. What'll you take for them three-year-olds of your'n?"

"I don't know as I care to let 'em go just yet, Boze," Brander replied, with the cowman's caution at the cattle-buyer's approach.

"Oh, there aint no hurry about it," replied in trading parlance, with the most cheerful alacrity, the active trafficker in beef steers, bandits, and head-money; and temporizing in one line, he shifted to another.

"See here, Brander, I run on to something else at Meadows'—just by accident, and a blame good thing, too! Reckon I got 'Chuck-a-luck' corralled, and I want you, Bill, to go with me so's I can make sure of him. He's laying low at Meadows', kinder under the weather. Meadows and him is some kin I've heard, and the boys may make trouble, but you and me 'll be enough, I reckon. I've got the warrant all safe here."



DRAWN BY JOHN W. NORTON

He rode with loose rein.

He touched his right breast lightly to assure himself of the document's security in his inside pocket; and in the same connection inadvertently slid the holster of his heavy forty-five to a handier position on his belt.

It was not the first invitation Brander had received from the deputy to accompany him on like expeditions; and in the pursuit of stock thieves, Brander had often proved himself an active and relentless ally. His services were fully valued by Boze Smith, who was influenced also

by a further consideration. Brander positively declined to participate in any reward, a magnanimity duly appreciated by the astute Mr. Smith.

He was pleased then, when Brander, after looking at him fixedly, rose, and without waste of words took up his bridle and vanished outside.

He soon returned with his horse and saddled up while the restless deputy rattled his spurs near by. Brander was first to swing in the saddle.

"Let's be a-ridin'," he said laconically,

and the two spurred up the trail and presently gained the plateau, where the moon, unseen below in the cañon, was already swinging up over the *piñones* clumped in the east. Avoiding the winding course of the Tortolito, they struck straight across the breaks. The two men rose and fell side by side, emulating for silence their loping long shadows that leaped swiftly over the crisp *gramma* grass, always ahead as they advanced to the west.

Brander directed their course straight and true. An hour's ride brought them to the bluff above Meadows' place. Halting in the scrub cedars scattered on the rounded swell of the bluff, they sat in their saddles and looked down on the ranch.

The moon had now swung sufficiently high to light up clearly all the narrow valley beneath them. Willows hid the little stream in its low banks, except where here and there its gently rippling curves glistened to their eyes in the moonlight. The long, low ranch-house lay indistinguishable in its shelter of branching broad-leaved cottonwoods; but from its shutterless windows light trickled through the foliage of the trees in cheery signal of hospitality. And at the thought of its approaching violation, Brander's eye rested with a steel-like glint on the deputy.

But Boze Smith, with his man-hunting instinct thoroughly aroused, was too intent on putting up his game to notice his companion's demeanor.

"We'll tie up here," he said after a moment's look below. "I reckon we'd better do a little *riconnoitrin'* down there on foot."

He dismounted with the words and as a preliminary, removed his noisy spurs and hung them on the horn of his saddle. Brander did likewise, and the two secured their horses to the nearest cedar.

Boze Smith led the way down the bluff. At its foot they crossed the road and came on the "galloping" pole fence enclosing a patch of stunted Mexican corn that, withered by the early frost of this high altitude, rustled in the night wind.

Climbing the fence, they crossed the irrigating ditch inside, and walked stooping between two rows of the low corn. All

sounds of their advance were lost in the "susurru" of its multitudinous blades, and which in turn drowned, to their ears, the murmur of voices ahead. Boze Smith, in the lead, before he was aware, almost ran upon the approaching speakers and stopped, fixed in his tracks like a setter come suddenly to a point with the bird under his nose.

He and Brander dropped and squatted as two persons emerged from the willows on to the little grassy border left for the plow's turning at the end of the corn rows. Secluded by the willows and the corn, they stood there in talk, evidently fearing no interruption, for their voices were ordinarily loud and their words came plainly to the ears of the two listeners squatted unseen in the corn.

"Yes, Nett, I had to meet you here. Boze Smith was at the house this evening and it's not safe any more for me. I've been seen there by several lately and I don't want to make any more trouble for the Meadows boys. I'd have got out of here long ago but for my shoulder and waiting to see you."

The speaker's slouch-hatted head and slim shoulders, rising in the moonlit border, showed plainly over the corn to the deputy and Brander. They saw his right arm was slung in a silk handkerchief across his breast. He spoke in a dull monotone, full of the weariness of one who had kept long and unceasing vigil. There was no need for Boze Smith to press Brander's arm. Too well he knew there stood the one they sought and, unlike Mr. Smith, was not surprised at perceiving his companion was a girl.

"I started the day I got your letter, my poor Rich," the girl said, drawing near and tenderly touching his shoulder. Her tone caressed like her touch and both betokened measureless love that was not wasted on even this tinsel hero of the wheel and dance-house.

"Nett," he said in a broken voice, "you always were a good little sister. Since I've seen you again I almost feel as if, once across the Rio Grande where I'm not known, I could make a fresh start of it. It's about the only place left me, I reckon."

"Then, Rich, you must go there as fast

as your shoulder will let you ride. You know it never took much for me, and I've saved nearly all my share of what the old place sold for, and you shall take it and make something of yourself yet."

Her hopeful voice sounded so sweetly to Brander's ears that for the moment he forgot the errand on which the deputy and he had come. Her proffered sacrifice touched the slim scapegrace for he said firmly:

"No, Nett, I'll take just enough from you to get away on. In the morning I can start, and once below Seven Rivers I'll be safe enough."

Boze Smith moved impatiently, but restrained himself as 'Chuck-a-luck' spoke again:

"Nettie, there's one other thing: we may never have a chance to speak of it again, so I'll speak of it now. It's about Will. He's here, living below on the creek now."

He paused, and Brander fixed his eyes on her, standing quite silent with her hands by her sides.

"He went by me the other day as I lay in the brush watching the road, and I could hardly keep from calling to him. Seeing him and thinking of our old days together, Nett, gave me a curious fancy that—that maybe, you might have cared more for him once than I really thought you did, little sister."

Again he paused in hesitancy and awaited her reply. Brander, also awaiting it, thought surely she must hear the beating of his heart. She stood, however, still and silent.

"Ah, then, you did n't," Rich Roland continued, his relief evinced by his quicker tone. "I'm glad of that for, Nett, I was beginning to blame myself for letting you believe certain things of him; when all the time—well, Nett, I may as well tell you now—I was the one myself."

Moved to atone by her coming and her loyalty, he made this confession somewhat slow-

voiced. She was startled by it out of her composure and drew back from him with a little cry:

"O Rich, how could you!"

Brander's heart bounded at the betrayal in her voice. It stung Rich Roland into silence; and in an instant she was close by his side, for he was all she had and she ignored everything but his trouble.

"Forgive me, Rich," she said, with the old caressing movement of her hands about his shoulder. "It does n't matter now. You and I will let old memories rest in the states; you are going to start fresh, you know. But you must get some sleep to be off early. We'd better go in now."

Brander saw them disappear on the little hidden trail through the willows, and rose, his heart, with a thrill echoing her words. Was he, too, to take a fresh start? He was recalled to his mission by the deputy's voice at his ear.

"There's always a woman," he said



DRAWN BY JOHN W. NORTON

The two listeners squatted in the corn

sententiously. "Sorry for her, but we must take our chance now, Bill," he added, and made a movement to intercept them on their way to the house. His delicacy had hitherto prevented him from interrupting on account of the lady, for Mr. Smith regarded highly the sex as bait to the trap for his usual quarry.

But now, indeed, he unwittingly found himself restrained by the inevitable woman's hidden hand, for it was as her proxy, that Brander gripped his shoulder and said sternly:

"I want that warrant, Boze. You are not goin' to serve it."

That quick, nervous hand was too near his throat for the ready-minded deputy to dream of resistance. He took the paper from his pocket and passed it over without a word. Brander released him and motioned for him to take the lead on the back trail, and thus in silence they withdrew to their horses.

"Well, may I be blamed, Bill," said Boze Smith, breaking out at last as he

buttoned his spurs, "if I can exactly see into this here peculiar perceeding of your'n!"

"Boze," Brander replied in his usual careless manner, "about them three-year-old steers of mine that you wanted. You can ride over tomorrow and get a bill of sale for them in exchange for this," and he slapped the warrant he still held in his hand on the saddle. "But there aint to be no string to him, Boze. You give him a good start and a fair show to git across the Rio Grande."

"It's a go, Bill!" cried Boze Smith with alacrity, and this free lance of the law thrust out his gay gauntlet to pledge himself hand and glove. But Brander, not noticing his outstretched hand, threw the spurs to his horse and loped off alone.

Yet not alone! All the way to the shack he saw her face and listened to her voice. She had not forgotten. She understood at last. And here, under brighter skies, he could take up the thread of love, sore raveled in the states, and knit again the band that was to bind her to him forever.

The Belated Christmas Gift

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," etc.

As he looked at the eager, withered old face framed in his little window, the postmaster flinched from delivering the blow that he knew must finally fall.

"I'm sorry, Mother Holte, I'll look them all over again," and he shuffled the package of letters twice—the second time very slowly; then he made a pretense of searching on the table, and of asking the young clerk about the matter. He did not miss the dumb misery of the old face, the sudden setting of the lips, and misting of the sunken eyes as he returned and shook his head:

"No, mother, it is not here—"

"It has always come," she interrupted. "There has never been a Christmas without it. And this time—"

"Yes; this time you needed it most of all—I understand," returned the postmaster, who knew the affairs of his people with a familiarity which some were in-

clined to resent. "Truly it never rains but it pours! To be robbed by a thief of a sub-tenant would seem to be enough, but to lose the cow on top of that and have the worst root crop of ten years into the bargain—that is surely the fullest basket of bad luck that any widow of Hitterdal Thelemarken has gathered in all my memory! But, my good mother, have no fear that Thorkill has not sent his present. It will come as surely as Christmas."

"It has never failed," responded the quavering voice, "but this year the hand of God has been very heavy."

"But it will come," stoutly asserted the postmaster, shaking his spectacles at her. Then a clever thought came to him.

"More than likely Thorkill has fallen into the new fashion of making his gifts on New Year's Day. That is much done, the inspector tells, me, now-a-days, by the city people."

"You come back again the last day of the year and I'll wager you'll find it waiting for you!"

"I will come," she contrived to answer, as she pulled her head-shawl closer about her face and turned away from the little window.

The Norwegian mile of road from the village to her little sod-thatched hut at the upper end of the valley had never seemed so long to her before. It had doubled its length, she felt, since she had walked it that morning.

In the week that passed, her mind, which had grown as slow and heavy as her feet, aroused to unusual activity. Again and again, as she looked out at the grim, snow-seamed old mountains, she went over the steadily increasing burden of bad luck which had been gathering for the past few years. It seemed like the avalanche which, so many years ago, had suddenly buried her man and other woodsmen—swept them away with a force which, for years, had silently been gathering before their very eyes.

But, no matter how gloomy her brooding, she invariably reached the same conclusion: "The letter from Thorkill will come as surely as the New Year's sun. But, if anything has happened to him, I can sell the life lease. But God is good and it cannot come to that!"

The last day of the year she was on the road early, plodding forward in the weird half-light of the northern morning and giving thanks that she lived on the King's High Road where there was a beaten track.

From his little look-out window the postmaster caught sight of her seamed and leathery face the moment she entered the door. His heart forsook him wholly; he turned quickly away, caught up his hat and vanished through the rear door.

"The name?" questioned the blond-bearded clerk, as Mother Holte stopped before the window.

At first she only stared dumbly; then her straggling wits returned, and she answered:

"Kari Holte—there is a letter here from my son in America. It did not come Christmas but—"

Defly he stripped the letters, one by one, from his left to his right hand. Then, in the patronizing tone which he was quickly acquiring from the postmaster, he replied:

"No, my good woman; it is not here. I'm sorry—very sorry—but there is no mistake about it—the letter has not come. Perhaps it will be here next time."

Slowly she turned and stumbled towards the door, her stout, oaken staff clattering noisily.

"Mercy of God!" muttered the clerk. "Her eyes looked at me like those of the doe I killed. And how her face did shrivel. I wish the son who failed to send the letter could have seen that look."

Then the landsman's daughter came to the little window and the old face with its hurt and sunken eyes quickly faded from his mind.

When the postmaster returned, inwardly berating himself for a soft-hearted coward, he could not forbear a glance out of the door. His eyes went straight to the limp figure huddled on the steps of the old, stave church opposite. The church of upright logs had been there for hundreds of years, but it did not seem older than the face of Mother Holte, as she looked up at him after he had impulsively hurried across the street and touched her shoulder. Those despairing, faded eyes seemed to stare at him from the elder days of witches and Vikings.

"Come," he said, gently, "come and get a good dinner of meat and a cup of strong coffee. It will put strength into you for the journey home."

Silently she obeyed him. Meat! She had not eaten it for months and even coffee had not passed her lips for a fortnight.

"Eat well," urged the postmaster "and drink another cup; it's the best that can be bought in Hitterdal. The world will look brighter and the journey seem shorter." He made no mention of the letter, but he was busy planning a talk with Pastor Erickson to see what could be done for her. She had no words; but the look with which she tried to thank him recalled his mother's remark that no girl in Hitterdal Thelemarken ever had handsomer eyes than Kari Holte.

The steps that carried her back to the hut at the foot of the mountains were not heavy; she hardly noticed them, for she was far too busy traveling in her thoughts the grim path of the future. And before she pushed open the door of her hut she had settled it in her mind that she would somehow meet the situation with courage; she would keep a brave heart as she had after the great snowslide which buried her man and left her alone to care for a baby. Her baby! His first cry came back to her now so clearly that she stood still to listen. Then before her eyes appeared a vision of the little toddler as he took his first steps—tottering on his laughing way from the bed to the loom!

Somehow her heart was strangely warm and peaceful as she sat before her hearth, that evening, in the little chair the lad had made with his own hands. There was plenty of wood and the fire flared brightly as she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hand, watching the flames and dreaming of the vanished boy.

There was no bitterness in her heart now. She had borne a good son and he had been with her for eighteen years! Tomorrow she would begin the New Year with new plans for its hard necessities—but tonight she would taste of the peace and dreams which God had sent her along with the postmaster's good meat and coffee. Ah, she could still taste that coffee!

Suddenly she was aroused by the stamping of feet outside the door, followed by a quick, sharp knocking. She had no fear and when she opened the door a stranger, tall and bearded, stepped inside.

"I am on my way to Tinoset" he explained, "but, although I am anxious to get there, the journey is a little longer than I had thought. If you can keep me over night I shall be glad to stop."

"You are welcome," she answered, "to all that I can give you. There is my son's bed. No one has slept in it since he went to America. It is not a fine bed like yours, perhaps; but you are welcome."

"Thank you," he said simply—but his eyes lingered on the bed with its rough, wooden canopy and corner-posts and its covering of thick, fleecy sheepskins lined

with red, woolen homespun. Then, as he stood with his back to the fire, his eyes wandered from one object to another until he had scanned every homely appointment of the room: the old loom, polished by the touch of hands for perhaps a hundred years; the spinning wheel beside the ladder leading to the loft, the stout hand-made chairs and table, and the red-painted floor, worn down to the natural wood in many spots.

She was about to ask him from what city he had come—for she had observed that his clothes were soft and fine—when he spoke.

"And will you give me a bite to eat and a cup of coffee, my good woman?"

"What I have I will set out—but it is very plain, sir—not a gentleman's fare."

He was silent as she began preparing the meal. No word was spoken until she had finished and placed it on the rough oaken table. Then he sat down to feast upon flatbrod, potatoes, and stockfish.

"Have you no coffee?" he asked without looking up from his plate.

"None," she answered. "I am sorry; but the last handful of coffee was gone two Sabbaths ago. All that I have is before you. It is little and coarse—but you are welcome to it."

"But woman!" he exclaimed, "are you so poor as—as this? Have you no money, no support? Is there no one to—"

"The sub-tenant," she interrupted, "was not honest and he ran away with all my share; then my cow died and then—then—"

"What?"

"Then all I had to live on was the Christmas money which my son in America had sent me but I made it last until—now."

"And did he send nothing this time? Did he leave you to starve?"

"He knew nothing about my bad luck," she returned quickly, a defensive note in her voice. He thinks all is as fine as when he left. I would not be a stone tied about his neck. He has his own way to make. And he always sent fifty *kroner*. Fifty *kroner*!"

"But why not this time?"

"The postmaster says there is a new fashion of holding Christmas gifts for

New Year's Day. It may come yet. The ship may still be at sea or perhaps he is sick and—" her voice broke and she leaned forward to poke the fire with a long black stick.

When she leaned the stick against the jam of the fire-place she looked at the stranger again. His eyes were swimming. He swallowed many times before he could speak. Then he stepped to her chair and dropped something in her lap.

Slowly, trembling, she fingered it. Money! More money than she had ever seen before, at one time, in all her life. Her breath came quickly and her head whirled. She tried to voice her question, but could only look it.

Placing his hand on her white head he said:

"Don't you know me—Thorkill—Mother?"

Before she tucked him under the woolly

sheepskins, that New Year's Eve, he had brought smiles to her lips; they had cried and laughed together and he had told her how it all happened; how he had greatly prospered in America and had come to surprise her with his Christmas present; how he had met old boyhood friends at Stein and they had held him to celebrate his return with dinners and parties and he had finally stayed over, and far into holiday week—saying that he and his surprise would be as welcome on New Year's Day as at Christmas.

"But you shall now have everything you want," he repeated. "Everything. And you might have had it long ago if only I had thought or known—"

"But it was not your fault," was her quiet answer. "I could not tell you. You are not to blame. And I shall have you always, now—now that you are so rich that you need not work any more and can buy the lansman's place and live—live always, here with me—in Hitterdal."

The Amputation of the Baron

BY KATHERINE PERRY

As we left the club grounds, I turned Wireless into the brook road at an angle which was, I admit, more spectacular than discreet. When both of the dog-cart wheels were again on the ground, Sidney observed meditatively:

"In these days of showy automobile accidents, it might be rather mortifying to be mangled by a mere horse, Frances."

"It would be downright ignominy," I laughed, with more amusement than the remark seemed to warrant. "I realize that my fondness for the beast-drawn vehicle is an archaic weakness, anyhow. Daily do my Panhardened friends toot reproach at me for clinging to such a tame and effete pastime."

"Effete it may be," conceded Sidney, "though hardly tame, as practiced by you. But even so," he added, as we grazed a wayside boulder, "I once saw another woman who drove exactly like you."

"Indeed," I retorted, jauntily flicking a fly from Wireless' pointed ear. "And

where was it, may I ask—at the circus?"

"It was on a simple rural road like this—yet I've known circus audiences to applaud many a duller act."

"Tell me about her at once," I demanded. "Who is this sensational female whom you have never before mentioned to your betrothed?"

Sidney beamed delightedly through his glasses, as he always does when I pretend to be jealous.

"It was n't much of an *affaire*," he reassured me, "my opportunity was rather limited. But she's the only woman I ever saw who had the faintest resemblance to you in looks or ways, so, of course, that makes her interesting."

"Oh, in a dim reflected way," I agreed graciously.

"You remember meeting Lee Armitage, my quiet friend?" pursued Sidney.

"Quiet! He's inaudible," I returned, as one who had not found the gentleman's acquaintance epoch-making.

"Well, it happened when I was with him—"

"Now, don't tell me," I interrupted, "that anything happened when you were with him. He would paralyze the procession of the equinoxes. Nothing with vim and bounce could exist in the same county."

"It—or rather she—certainly did, as you'll find out if you'll only listen," rebuked Sidney.

"A year ago last September," he began in the biographical tone of the Ancient Mariner, "we took a week's driving trip through the Berkshires—the usual route, as Lee drives by note rather than by ear, but our one deviation made the incident. The fourth day was wet and sultry, so we stayed at a little inn until evening and then started out into the clearing twilight under a cloudy moon. The landlord had given us explicit directions about a short cut where there was 'just a bit of a hill, nothing really steep,' following which we would eventually reach another hostelry about nine.

"But on account of some mistaken turnings and retracings, it must have been long past that when we came to the 'bit of a hill,' which in the dim light seemed to me a trifle stiff. Lee had slowed up and was walking the horses as we approached a rickety looking wooden bridge, and up from that led the hill at a sharp curve. All around us the woods were very dark and everything was still but for the murmuring of the brook under the bridge. Suddenly we heard wheels and voices, but could see nothing, so Lee, with his usual caution,

drew up close to the fence among the ferns and golden-rod—it really wasn't a good place to meet anyone head on. Just then the moon broke brilliantly through the clouds.

"Over the crest of the hill and down toward us dashed a dog-cart drawn by a powerful black horse and driven with a reckless abandon I have—well, seldom, seen equaled. The girl who drove was almost standing up, her long light coat was open, showing her bare neck and shim-

mering evening dress, and some jeweled ornament in her hair glittered in the moonlight-like little flames. A man with a very white face and black beard crouched beside her, holding on to the seat in abject terror. 'We heard her mocking voice, 'Afraid? But that is not gallant!' ending with a laugh contemptuous enough to brace any coward. As they tore past, the breeze blew a thin sort of scarf across her mouth and chin, and I saw only her dark eyes full of the most impish mischief,

like a naughty child. In a moment, even the echoes of the laugh and the hoofbeats were gone. We blinked a little at such a stunning apparition, and then plodded up over the hill to the next village and our night's rest, but we felt as if we had had the dream before the sleep."

"Awfully bad for his fore-legs, running him down hill like that," I objected with sage disapproval.

"Awfully bad for the man's state of mind, evidently; the girl seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. But somehow, Frances, every time I see you with the



DRAWN BY CHARLES CHAMPE

Frances.

reins, I am reminded of her; and whenever you've said or done anything you think you 'had n't ought to,' the expression of your eyes is exactly like hers." And he lapsed into absorbed contemplation of the features mentioned.

"Stupid kind of a tale," I criticised briskly; "poor construction. Begins nowhere, ends there, too; no plot or motive, just a theatrical snap-shot without explanation. I'll tell you one lots better than that."

"Not as sudden and picturesque as mine," doubted Sidney.

"That depends on the point of view," I laughed; "certainly it's not as vague and mysterious. In my story, everybody is 'to me known and known to me to be the person herein described.' In fact, I'm rather prominent in it myself."

"There aren't any corners now for quite a distance, are there?" calculated Sidney. "I should hate to have my attention distracted even for a moment."

"A summer or so ago—that was in the dark ages before I met you," I explained—"I realized that father's health was considerably out of repair and he needed a change, so we closed Beechmere and took a house in a pleasant hilly part of the country—names are a mere matter of detail. It proved a singularly satisfactory locality. Father would sit on the piazza and look benignly out upon mountain and valley in the pauses of reading 'A Critical Period of American History,' and daily drove with me into the view—let me reassure you, scoffer, that Evans did the actual driving, while I sat by my parent's side and amused him with gentle converse.

"So I was well content, particularly when I discovered that our nearest neighbors were my old friends, the Hastings. Now, where Reginald Hastings and his sister Constance are, dullness is unknown. In my early youth, their place had joined ours, and there had existed between Reggie and myself a desperado partnership, the memory of which thrills me yet. He had the most subtle and admirable instinct for mischief that I have ever met, and the fact that he was considered the one corrupting influence of my infantile years did but increase his fearsome charm.

"That he was regarded in our household as the root of all evil was offset by Mrs. Hastings' references to me as 'that inhuman imp, Frances Holt,' so blind is maternal partiality. Constance, although always game, was not admitted to our wildest deeds, for Reggie's chivalry scorned the rôle of bad example to his little sister. But no such responsibility applied in my case, and he paid me the compliment of a robust comradeship, sharing both dangers and delights, everything but the ownings up and the punishments, of which he vainly strove for a monopoly."

"Only decent way to play," interrupted Sidney.

"Yes, from the primitive masculine stand point; an absolute equality would have included me in the jam-less teas and the unspared rod. My penalty was the laying on of language."

"A good deal harder to stand," commented Sidney. "I'd much rather be thrashed than nagged."

"I was never nagged," I denied loftily; "the present unspoiled sweetness of my nature proves it. However, to go back to the Hastings. I found that, in spite of the long break in our acquaintance, we fitted as of yore, so we knitted scattered friendships up and renewed our youth, like the eagles flocking together from the proverbial similarity of plumage. Nor were we the only affording people. There was no lack of lively spirits in our little summer settlement, and at the bungalow we dignified by the name of Country Club, enough was usually going on to prevent the green mould of lethargy from gathering on the days."

"I think I rather envy those people," and Sidney's voice was covetous through his smile.

"You don't need to." I let the story go for the moment. "A frisky group is great fun, of course, like a coaching party. But real happiness is like a hansom: it only holds two, as we know. That's a digression, although very important.

"Among our pleasant playmates was a certain Mrs. Bob Whiton, beglamed by titles, who evidently thought she had put the largest penny into the collection-plate of general joyousness by contributing her strange guest, Baron Tschevelik,

whom she had attached in Washington. He was a Magyar or a Czech, one of those Hungarian tribes. I never can distinguish them."

"They are known as a mixed race, even in the geographies," put in Sidney.

"The baron was a suave and bushy person, like a Balkan bear trained to drawing-room tricks. He wore gay, enameled orders of unpronounceable distinction on his evening clothes, and one was expected to be especially flattered by their appearance at one's table. He did n't go in for sports of any kind, but sat around looking jungly and important, and talked in funny English or painstaking French of the political tangle in his hodge-podge corner of Europe. The women were rather taken at first by his foreign ways and fervent manner, and some of the men found him amusing; his stories, they said, were quite unparalleled. But as he got into the habit of being about a good deal, and began to be—oh, to be—" and I hesitated.

"Began to be what?" demanded my audience suspiciously.

"Oh, personal and—er—sentimental, you know, he made one think of that saying about scratching a Tartar: the savage seemed startlingly close to the veneer, at times. And yet he had one quality in common with you, Sidney."

"Indeed?" with a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm.

"The only thing he did not admire about me was my driving; he said that for him it was '*un plaisir trop alarmante*.'"

"Do I gather from your modest reticence that he was very devoted?" inquired Sidney stiffly.

"Well, as time went on, he seemed to consider Constance and myself as most worthy of his favor, and finally I did not have even the consolation of sharing it with her. It bothered me a good deal, he was so oppressive and persistent—"

"Then why, for Heaven's sake, did n't you cut it short and send him about his business?" exploded my impatient listener.

"I certainly would have, if he had been an American and played the game by regular rules, but he was so barbaric and sinister. I was actually afraid of what he might do—and father was getting along so nicely I hated to disturb him by asking

him to take a hand—so I temporized and evaded—"

"If only I—"

"Of course, you dear old egotist, but you could n't have, because, you see, the Fates did n't let you happen until the next chapter. So I just had to struggle along, not quite alone, however.

"One rainy afternoon, Reggie dropped in for tea. The heat was depressing, nothing with the faintest flavor of excitement had happened for days, and I had the unpleasant consciousness that the baron's progress was the only subject of general interest, tenuous though that was. But Reggie's eyes had the old expression that promised a scheme for communal cheer.

"'Frances,' he began impressively, after consuming much iced-tea and water-cress sandwiches in solemn silence, 'this foreign complication is wearing on your nerves.'

"'True, O Rex,' I admitted dispiritedly.

"'That whiskered beast is boring you to the bone,' he went on, 'and it's got to stop. He went a little too far at the club last night—got confiding and expansive, you know—said the choice had been between Constance and you, with Con as a favorite because she was a blonde, which he prefers, and you were too confoundedly horsey, but the odds were now on you, as the only child and your father having the bigger pile. So I gave him a few well-chosen words and sent him home earlier than he had expected to go. And now it's about time to amputate him, lop him off entirely—nothing rude or unkind, but just so he'll swiftly and silently vanish away, like the snark. Now, here is the working schedule.

"'Tonight, after the musical at the club, I'll propose a little impromptu drive, two by two, Noah's ark fashion. You have Imp o' Sin harnessed into the dog-cart ready and then ask the baron, before us all, to go with you. I'll see he does n't refuse. And then you can dash down Purgatory Pitch and back by the Dark Pines in your usual sketchy style—he won't make love to you, he'll be too busy thinking of his neck—and Con and I will cut through Meadow Lane so as to be in at the death. And after that, I bet that what's left of Tschevelik won't trouble you any more.'



DRAWN BY CHARLES CHAMPE

"The women were rather taken by his foreign ways."

"The old charm of Reggie's pranks was upon me, strengthened by the annoyance of the past weeks. Imp o' Sin was a horse who well deserved his name. He was a catapult of delight at all times, and after a quiet day in the stable, he'd be no somnolent sheep to drive, I knew. So I agreed with gusto, my keen sense of justice rejoicing to pay my debt of resentment in so fitting a fashion.

"That evening, the baron sat by me during the music, the songs about love and parting seeming to stir his emotions to tropic pitch. But when the drive was proposed, and I asked him in a sweet but very audible voice, to go with me, his caution would have triumphed over his ardor at literally the eleventh hour, if Reggie had not exclaimed, 'You're in luck, old man; you'll never have another chance like this,' and pushed him up beside me before there was time for him to protest.

"We were the first couple off and had

the road free, a good thing, as the flickering shadows of the leaves in the moonlight excited the Imp from the start. It began splendidly—such a gorgeous night, the silence, the swift motion, and the little evening breeze against my neck after the heat and glare of the music-room. The horse struck a rattling good gait, but quite under control, as we swung round the corner by the old grave-yard, the headstones shining clear in the moonlight, and then down the long hill of the Pitch, jet black under the trees, the pebbles clattering behind us.

"Reggie was right, the baron did n't make love to me; he hung on to the seat, gasping: '*Mon Dieu*, Mees Holt, stop, stop, you vill keel me!' I could n't help laughing,—it was such a jolly pace, and so idiotic of the man to gurgel in that abject way. We hardly touched the little bridge at the foot of the hill (you and your careful friend must have been in the shadow there somewhere), and we were well in among

the pines when the Imp, who had worked up a trifle more speed, shied a bit at a white birch that gleamed out suddenly. It would n't have amounted to anything, but the baron, who had lapsed into his native tongue and was dripping terror-stricken gutturals, seemed to lose his last rag of sense, and leaned over and grabbed my arm. I was n't expecting it—it gave the reins a villainous jerk—Imp o' Sin swerved and bolted—the off wheel struck an old milestone—”

I paused reflectively.

“Go on,” demanded Sidney with gratifying excitement. “don't stop there.”

“I did n't—at the time; it was some distance down the road they picked me up. Reggie and Constance appeared just after the cart went over, and the poor Imp ran into a tree in the dark and cut his chest and fore-legs a good deal.”

“But you, Frances, you, my poor darling, were you terribly hurt?”

Sidney's language and manner were becoming somewhat too impassioned for the open highway.

“See that neat little white scar?” I asked, pushing up the hair over my left temple. “And you never even noticed it before, that's comforting. Well, that and a fractured collar-bone kept me from taking an intelligent interest in what was going on around me at the height of excitement. And my best jeweled comb that you had admired flashing in transit, had most of its teeth broken out, poor thing. But there, you foolish boy, don't look so tragic! It all happened nearly two years ago, and I'm in no danger now.”

“Just another proof,” reflected Sidney, after further reassurance, “of how much you need to be looked out for. I shall have my hands full. Incidentally, I hope you killed the baron?”

“Sidney, how flippant; not but what it would have served the gibbering idiot jolly well right. As it was, he had n't a scratch. He landed on a comfortable bed of pine-needles and was only a trifle bruised and shaken up. But he was terrified to a jelly, they said—and he a lieutenant in the Royal Hungarian Guards. They must be non-combatants under bonds to keep the peace! And he would n't be taken home behind any horse

of the lot, but insisted on going in the Whiton's machine, along with my senseless remains and the intrepid Constance. (Indeed, Sidney, I was not fatally injured; is n't that hand alive enough to prove it?)

“So, in spite of complications, the amputation of the baron was a complete success. He left by an unearthly early train next morning, pale and shaky, muttering things about ‘*la fille Americaine sans merci*,’ took the first steamer that left New York, steerage, stowaway, anyway, to escape. Rather in the style of Solomon Grundy: Hated on Monday, dumped on Tuesday, left us on Wednesday, sailed on Thursday, *mal de mer* Friday—ugh, let's not talk of him!”

“I don't want to talk of him,” exclaimed Sidney. “I want to know about you. Were you wretchedly ill? Did you have a hard time getting over it?”

“A bandage on my marble brow and a plaster cast about my classic shoulders made me quite statuesque for a while. Father did n't seem to approve of the way in which I had battered myself, and he said the suitable paternal things with considerable spirit, poor dear. He was feeling so lusty by that time that he could ramp nicely. But I was sorry that his feelings craved the relief of putting Imp o' Sin up for sale. Jim Stringham bought him finally—the man who came back from Alaska and married Con the next spring. He has a good wrist and knows how to treat a horse.

“But Reggie was the one who really suffered. His remorse was piteous to see, and if flowers, fruit, and current literature brought on semi-daily calls of inquiry, can picture forth contrition, his did not languish unexpressed. And later, when I was convalescing, his efforts to amuse me were downright pathetic. Why, he actually read Browning aloud—atrociously, of course, but he seemed to think that nothing was too much under the circumstances, although that almost was. Everybody was sweetly assiduous, as for value received, for I had given them something to talk about—butchered to make a gossips' holiday. And in spite of your evident disbelief, I did recover eventually, even as you see. My eye is not dim neither is my natural force abated.”



DRAWN BY CHARLES CHAMPE

"The baron hung on to the seat."

Verbal comment failed Sidney for a while; finally he proffered a slight request:

"If ever you should want to amputate me, dear," and the twinkle and the tenderness made his eyes very nice and blue, "just tell me about it confidentially first,

and so save my feelings—and your own remaining bones."

That he had not said a word of criticism or rebuke in that proprietary manner to which even the best *fiancés* are prone, was a grace of omission not unappreciated

by me. But that is Sidney. He is a perfect *fiancé*, so perfect that sometimes I've shivered when I've remembered all I used to read as a little girl about the customary ending of people who are *so* perfect.

the least pretending to look indifferent.

"Getting rid of the baron," I summarized softly, "broke my collar-bone. To get rid of you, Sidney, would break my heart!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES CHAMPE

"This foreign complication is wearing."

I did n't shudder then, though. Sidney was too real, there beside me, after all; too real and too much—not too much, either—so very much—rather—*mine*.

I turned toward him then, without in

And all the rest of the shady way, I drove so mousey-quiet that a yellow butterfly perched unshaken on the dashboard and regarded us with an expression of mild surprise in his black velvet spots.

The Bounder

BY OWEN OLIVER

Author of "The Sneak," etc.

From the diary of Lady Ethelberta Straite, aged 17, and generally called "Minx."

23 Dec. 1905. I think people who keep diaries are fools; but I am not really keeping this, only writing in it. I shall tear it up afterwards.

I knew all the week that something nasty was going to happen, because father kept talking about mortgages, and the decay of the landed interest, and he was so cross after the agent called. I found out this morning what it was. We are to have a "bounder" to stay with us for Christmas.

He is a cattle-king, or something of the kind, but his cattle aren't good enough for him, and he wants to get into better company. So he is coming to us to learn the ways of good society. He has made "an arrangement" with father over some shares. They don't call it paying us, but it is, and the bounder's money will be keeping us all Christmas time. Ugh! We shall be eating his turkey, drinking his wine, and getting kissed under his mistletoe! I have a good mind not to eat or drink or be kissed; only I have such a good appetite.

I don't blame poor old father, because he really is hard up—but the man. He must be a bounder of bounders, or he would n't come where he is n't wanted. I would tell him so, only mother made me promise to be civil. She was quite sympathetic about it, but father was very rude, and said it was no business of mine. I said it was, because Maude and Grace are both engaged, so people would think they were trying to catch the bounder for me. The girls laughed, of course (they think I am nobody because I am not out) and father put up his eye-glasses, as he does when he is going to snub the opposition, or the government (I can never remember which he is) and just stared at me.

"I have never yet planned deadly evil to any man," he said (He meant me!) "and remember this, Ethelberta"—he only calls me that when he is angry—"whatever motive may induce me to receive a-er-person under my roof, while he is my guest, my daughters will treat him

with courtesy, and speak of him with politeness."

So I can't call him names, even to them; but I can put it down in my diary. He is a bounder; and if I don't find a polite way to make him feel small my name is n't Ethelberta Margaret Rosalind Langhorne Foster Straite.

Dec. 24th. He has come, and I have been very polite—so polite that father frowned and mother fidgeted. He has n't any manners at all, and actually asked mother if I was her "baby!" This is what I think of him.

He is a bounder.

He is a bounder who does not look boundery.

He is an old bounder (quite thirty).

He is a big strong bounder. He made my hand ache when he shook hands. (I have washed it.)

He is a cool bounder.

He is a bounder who thinks a lot of himself.

He is a bounder that will not be made to feel small easily.

Evening. He is a bounder who has no shame. He told us right out that he was a poor boy, and did not go to school, and had to pick up his education how he could. He said he was still learning, and he hoped that, when he made mistakes, we should not hesitate to correct him; and then he turned and smiled at me.

"You are still at school, I suppose," he said, "so you will be best able to correct me, Miss Minx." He had heard them call me that.

"That is a mistake," I said directly. "You ought to call me Lady Ethelberta."

You would think that would have put him down; but it did n't.

"Thank you, Lady Ethelberta," he said quite calmly.

Father glared at me, and so did the others. I did n't care. He mispronounced two words (the bounder, I mean), and I told him of them, too. He must have felt small, but he would not show it. He is an annoying bounder. The most annoying

thing of all is that the others like him. Mother says he is "quite a superior man considering," and father says he is "a fine fellow," and will become "a political force." The girls say he is handsome; but he is n't.

That is n't correct. He is a handsome bounder; but I don't like him. He told mother it was quite natural that I should laugh at his blunders, and he hoped she would not repress me. So kind and patronising! The bounder!

Dec. 25th. I have corrected him fifteen times today. He pretends that he is grateful, but, of course, he hates me really. He treats me as a child, and actually proposed to give me a pony! I said "Certainly not, thank you!" He looked at me very hard, and asked if his offer was a mistake. I told him that it was quite wrong, and tossed my head; and then he stared at me again. He is always staring at me.

"It is never quite wrong to wish to do a kindness, Lady Ethelberta," he said very quietly; and I felt small instead of him, because I knew he meant to be kind in his boundery way. I wish he was n't a bounder, because I fairly ache to have a pony.

I think in future I will tell him about his mistakes quietly, and not before people. He may have feelings.

Dec. 26. I wrote out six corrections and gave them to him after lunch when nobody was looking. He smiled at me and said I was "a very kind little girl." It was very impertinent of him to praise me, I consider.

The Effingtons and the Maynes drove over and we had an impromptu dance. There were not so many fellows as girls, and they thought themselves very grown up, and did n't take much notice of me. I went out in the conservatory to sulk. The bounder came out and asked me to dance with him. I said I was n't dancing. Then George Effington asked me, and I danced with him. The bounder came up to mother when I was talking to her afterwards.

"Oh, Mr. More!" she cried, "it's too bad of you to be idle when so many girls have n't partners. Poor little Minx has

only had one dance this evening, and she is so fond of it."

I thought, as he was a bounder, he would give me away to mother, and I should get in a frightful row; but he did n't; only said that he was sure I should not care to dance with him, as he did n't dance very well.

"I think you dance particularly well, Mr. More," I contradicted. It was true; but I don't know why I said it.

He bowed without saying anything. He evidently did n't mean to ask me again; but mother turned away to speak to someone, and I whispered:

"I'm so ashamed of myself," I said—I really was—"Do ask me again."

He did n't ask me, but just held out his arm, and I took it.

"It is very nice of you," I said, "and I shall like to dance with you, Mr. More."

"Good little Lady Minx!" he said.

We had five dances. I expect he will always call me Lady Minx now.

Dec. 27. I have only corrected him four times today. He is a bounder who remembers things, and never gives you a chance to tell him the same thing twice.

I am not sure that he really is a bounder in some ways. He was playing Charlie Effington a billiard match today, and everyone was excited about it, because they are much the best players. Charlie was going to play with the wrong ball, but the bounder told him, and Charlie made a 47 break, and just won. The men seemed to think a lot of that, because it was a match, they said, and Mr. More was entitled to claim the advantage of his opponent's carelessness; and they thought he was a good sportsman, because he did n't. Charlie Effington asked him over there, though he is always down on bounders, and Lady Effington quite pressed him to come. Annabel Effington is 21 and not engaged. She has red hair, and I think he is too good for her, if he is a bounder.

Dec. 28. I went for a sleigh ride with Mr. More this morning. They went in pairs, and there was n't anyone else for me or for Annabel, so I thought he would ask her; but he did n't. It was lovely to go

gliding along the white roads, and among the white fields, and to hear the snow swishing and crackling. He talked about Canada and places where he had been. He knows a lot and is a clever bounder—if he is a bounder. We snow-balled each other when we stopped to have a rest, but he did n't throw his hardest, I could see. He told me I was pretty. I said that was a mistake; but he said it was n't. I think he likes me. Fancy being liked by a bounder!

He taught me billards in the afternoon. I had n't had a proper chance of learning before, because I always have to give way to my elders; but they were all playing bridge. Mother came in and said I must n't keep him long, as he preferred bridge to billiards, and she had heard him say so.

He said he had n't had the pleasure of playing with me before, so he spoke in ignorance; and mother laughed and went out.

I thought he had behaved like a gentlemanly bounder, so I said I was tired and we would leave off. He asked me whether I was really tired, or only thought that he was. I said I thought he would rather play bridge. He declared that he would n't. So we went on. He was very patient, and held my hand down on the table till I learnt how to make a rest for the cue properly.

We had another dance in the evening and finished with Sir Roger de Coverley. Partners had to go under the mistletoe at the end, so of course all the fellows chose the girls they were engaged to or sweet on, and I was left out. So was the—Mr. More. I did n't want the mistletoe part, but I wanted to dance, so I felt quite excited when he came up to me.

"I am afraid of making a mistake," he said.

"It is a mistake to be afraid," I told him. "You would never learn, you see, if you did n't make them." I looked quite innocent, as if I did n't understand what he meant.

"Would it be a mistake if I asked you to dance this?" he inquired.

"It would be a mistake for me to say before I was asked," I answered; but I could n't help laughing.

"Will you dance the mistletoe dance with me, Lady Minx?" he said.

"Yes," I told him.

He kissed me on the forehead. He is a silly—man! I suppose he thought I was stuck-up and should n't like it, if he did it like the others.

Dec. 29. He is a bounder after all. He is sulky about something, and has n't spoken to me all day, except when he could n't help it. He did n't even smile when I gave him three written corrections. He is a hateful bounder, and he is quite old. He told mother he was thirty-one. It has been a horrid dull day, and I have come to bed early. Of course I don't care; but I wish I knew what he is disagreeable about.

Dec. 30—Afternoon. I have found out. Maude is a beast, and it is all her fault. She was talking to Frank. Engaged couples think that they can tell one another everything. She told him what a fuss I made about Mr. More, and how I called him the bounder. They did n't notice him till afterwards, but she says she is sure he must have heard. He is going on New Year's Day, instead of stopping the week. He told father it was important business. I don't believe it, and I hate him. I hate Maude. I hate everything.

He might have known I did n't mean it; but he is a—No, he is n't. He is n't. He is very nice, and I was very horrid, and I deserve it; but I am very miserable.

I'd tell mother and ask her to explain to him, but she never can keep a secret, and they'd think it was because I liked him. That is absurd, because he is quite old. It is only because he has been kind, and I don't like him to think I was rude to him. I was n't after I found out that he was n't a bounder.

Evening. Thank goodness I have set Ralph Featherby down anyway! They came over, and he would talk to me, and he called Mr. More a bounder. I told him that Mr. More was a better man than he was, or ever would be. I used to be friends with Ralph, but I sha'n't be any more.

They all say I have been very disagreeable today except Maude. She offered to speak to Mr. More about it. I said I did n't care what he thought, so there was no

need. She said I was a little silly. Then she kissed me, and said I was n't.

"I'll tell you what to do, Minxie dear," she said. "Just wait till we're seeing the new year in, and go up to him and wish him a very happy new year; and say it very nicely—Poor little Sis!"

Maude is not a beast, and she is sensible.

Dec. 31. I mean Jan. 1, because it is past one o'clock. A very, very happy new year to everyone everywhere. I promise to try to be very good and kind this new year.

I was very miserable his morning—I mean yesterday—till I went to church. Then I prayed for Mr. More to find out that I had left off thinking him a bounder, and felt better. He did not look so cross, and when he had to speak to me he spoke quite nicely. I thought several times that he was going to make friends, but he did n't. Once he sighed. I was a good mind to tell him then, but I thought Maude's way was better, and she said she would arrange that I walked with him when we went out in the avenue to wait for the new year. She always manages things.

She has been a perfect dear today. She did my hair so as to make me look quite grown up, and picked out the things I was to wear, and made me lie down because I was pale; and I heard her telling Mr. More that I was much nicer really than I seemed.

"Minxie is young and thoughtless, and says things she does not mean sometimes," she told him; "but she would n't hurt anybody for worlds, really. I think a great deal of my little sister."

She paired us all up when the time came and made Mr. More take me. The other pairs got out of the way, as engaged couples do. He did n't say anything, and neither did I; and I was in a dreadful flutter; and everything was very, very quiet and still, and it was quite warm; and it made me feel serious to think that the year was going and I could never have it back again; and there were such a lot of things that I wished I had n't done—and then the clock struck and the bells in the village church rang out a chime; and I turned to him.

"A very, very happy new year to you,

Mr. More," I said. "Such a happy one!"

He started as if he had been shot; and then he coughed, as if he wanted to clear his throat before he answered.

"God bless you this year, and every year, Lady Ethelberta," he said. "I wish I could help to make them happy years for you, but—"

And then he stopped.

I dug my nails in my hands, waiting for him to go on; but he did n't; and I felt I must tell him.

"It was true—what you heard—Mr. More," I said. (My voice was all shaky.)

"But I would n't say it now, for anything, and—It's the new year and I—I'm sorry—and please don't call me 'Lady Ethelberta.' " He started again and caught hold of me, and turned me round to the moon. There was just a little bit of moon shining through the edge of a cloud; and now I shall always love the moonlight.

"What may I call you?" he asked. I did not think he could be so excited.

"What you like!" I said. I knew I was giving myself away, but I did n't care.

"My darling!" he cried. "My own little darling!"

"Yes," I consented. It was just what I wanted him to say!

He is going to tell father before they go to bed; and I shall be engaged before I am "out." Engaged at 17! Engaged to him!

I don't know what he sees in me to like so much; but he says he does. He must think I am ever so much better than I am; but I shall try not to let him find out. Please God make me a good girl.

I don't feel a bit sleepy, and I am going along to dear old Maude's room to hug her and hug her.

Half past two. Maude says she never thought he was a bounder, and she could see that he fell in love with me the moment he saw me; and she does n't think I am too young, because she was in love with Frank from the time she was fourteen, though they weren't engaged till she was nearly twenty. I am not so very young, because I shall be eighteen this happy, happy new year!

A happy new year to everybody and everything; and many of them; and I will make it a happy new year for him!

The Heart of Princess Elaine

BY ROLAND ASHFORD PHILLIPS

Peppo, the court fool, sat on the fountain edge and watched the rippling image of himself reflected in the restless waters.

"If," he mused—"If I were not a fool, and the Princess were not a Princess—then might I—" He laughed and the bells upon his peaked cap did jingle and jingle again. He dipped his hand into the cool depths of the bowl, and withdrawing it watched the countless diamond drops drip from off his finger tips.

"But," he reasoned once more and slipped down from the edge into the cool of the grass, "I am a fool and she is a Princess." And he lay back, his arms beneath his head, gazing up at the broad expanse of spring skies, and at the fleecy white clouds that flecked them.

Then of a sudden, as he lay there, a footfall sounded upon the path, and a low rippling laugh, like the note of a mating bird came to his ears, and raising himself to his elbow he saw the Princess standing there: her head a mass of gold where a slanting sun-shaft smote upon it; her eyes a bit of the spring skies, and her face and neck as white as the fleeting cloud, save for the faint rose-blush on either cheek, that came and went as did her moods.

With one slender hand she drew down an apple branch, a mass of pink and white, and breaking off the tip threw it full at Peppo.

"How now, fool," she cried, "doth spring so change thee?"

"Indeed," the fool answered, "thou canst read my heart like an open page. Today am I most melancholy and depressed."

The Princess lay back on the many cushions of the marble seat.

"And," continued he, "my costume doth proclaim me a fool, but my heart is the heart of a man."

"Outwardly a fool, inwardly a man—thou art indeed a strange creature," the Princess made reply, and laughed.

"A most strange creature am I, and I dream rare dreams. Sometimes I see

brave knights in armor clad, and prancing steeds; I hear the clash of steel on steel and the many voices of multitudes. Methinks once were I of this blood—perchance 'twere my father or my father's father whose deeds do spring unbidden through my brain."

"Would that thou were but one of these now, for yesterday did the King my father receive a message, and it did read that on the morrow the writer of it would stand without the castle walls and call upon the keepers to open for he came to win the hand and heart of the Princess Elaine in marriage."

"Indeed," said Peppo, "a most worthy suitor?"

"So thinks my father, for he is rich and brave. Once 'twas said he did slay, bare-handed, a wild boar which came upon him in the forest."

"And the name of this man?"

"He calls himself the Black Prince."

"I have heard this same—there is none to stand against him in all the land."

"My father thinks as much," continued the Princess, "but he did have it proclaimed throughout the Kingdom, that he who, in combat, should stand against this Prince, and worst him, should have my hand in marriage."

But Peppo shook his head sadly. "Once there was one who could worst this man—he whom the King thy father caused to be banished from the land—Sir Richard, the Dauntless."

"True," the Princess made haste to answer and the rose color danced across her cheek, "a most noble champion would he make, for he did love me, but my jealous father banished him."

"And didst love him?" Peppo asked lifting of his eyes.

"Aye, more than any man," she made reply and passed her slim hand across her forehead, sweeping back the stray locks of gold, "but they say he is in hiding near the boundary of the Kingdom, in the forest."

"Should by chance he and the Black

Prince meet, by my faith 'twould be a noble fight."

"Indeed, most noble," answered the Princess, and rising to her feet dipped her white hand into the cool waters, watching the mad scurry of gold-fish, the which her fingers did affright.

And so it came to pass that Peppo, the next day, did chance to wander into the forest and there, in a small secluded hut come upon Sir Richard, and great indeed was his amazement.

"What ho, fool," cried he, and clasped him warmly by the hand, "didst come from the palace?"

"Aye! Sir Richard, that I did."

"Then tell me of fair Elaine; doth she live, and is she still beautiful, and doth she love me as before?"

Peppo laughed merrily and the bells upon his cap were set a-jingling.

"Forsooth," he returned, "your questions do fall from thy lips like autumn leaves in the wind. But I shall answer them as quickly. I do come from the palace, the Princess Elaine still lives and sorely grieves thy absence; her beauty remains undimmed, and she told me but yesterday that she loved you as no other man."

"'Tis enough," Sir Richard cried, and to his eyes there leapt a great light. "No mortal man could wish for more." And so saying he clapped the fool upon the back and bade him enter.

And thus did Peppo and Sir Richard feast at the rude board of the coarse food that the woods and streams gave, and were well content. Then it was that Peppo told of the new suitor, who was to come with the morrow's sun to win the heart and hand of fair Elaine.

And upon hearing this did Sir Richard's face grow dark with rage, and paced he back and forth across the narrow confines of the hut. "The Black Prince doth come to woo, say you, and seeketh my Elaine in marriage? But it shall never be. I shall worst him."

And Peppo looked upon his broad shoulders and thick neck and upon his brown, uncovered arms and answered, "Thou shall worst him." Then plucked him by the shoulder and bade him be seated and listen.

"The King, her father, doth proclaim that this Prince must meet in mortal combat three of the most valiant men in his Kingdom. Should he slay all of these then indeed shall he be worthy of his daughter's hand. But, should any one of these defeat him, then shall he be disgraced and the Princess marry the victor. Such is the proclamation."

When Peppo did finish, Sir Richard arose and buckled on his armor, and made known his purpose.

"I shall be the last of the three to give him combat, if the King wilt grant me but that boon. Bear word to the Princess to be of good cheer."

So, ere the low descending sun made dim the path, Peppo spoke farewell to Sir Richard, and with bells a-jingling, set out towards the palace to give the Princess the message.

But of a sudden, as he neared the forest edge, a low cry smote upon his ears and made him to turn. Among the gathering shadows a knight lay in full armor, a huge tree trunk across his body and close beside a black horse grazed at ease.

With unseeming strength, Peppo did manage to move the tree, and with tender hands unhook the helmet from the fallen head, for which the injured one gave thanks.

"I am hurt unto death," the strange knight sighed, as Peppo, kneeling low, placed his head upon the soft grass.

"But an hour since, when like a bolt from the heavens, did this huge tree shiver and fall, striking me headlong from my steed and pinning me to the earth. My back, I fear is sorely hurt. I can not move."

"'Tis well I came upon thee as I did," Peppo answered.

"Aye, 'tis well indeed. Thou art a good man, though thy clothes do proclaim thee but a fool. Wilt stay with me until the end?"

"That I will, sire, and give thanks I have aided one so worthy."

And so with gentle hand, Peppo smoothed the stranger's brow, upon which even now the death-sweat gathered and damped his black hair. The shadows grew long and dark and the labored breath of the knight grew easier, and he mumbled strange words and sang snatches of



DRAWN BY KATHERINE FENIMORE MERRILL

"Didst love him?" Peppo asked.

wild songs. Peppo knew it was the end.

Then, as the night birds began to call and the damp from the earth, arise in white mists, Death came, grim and silent, and beckoned and the fallen one obeyed. For a long time did the fool sit there, in silence save for the frequent stamping of the steed close by. Strange thoughts came to his mind and found root there. Then he arose to his feet and threw aside his cap and bells.

In the early gray of the dawn, a knight in black, upon a coal black steed appeared on the forest edge. It was the Black Prince.

Straight ahead he rode until the city

walls were reached and upon these did he knock and cry out loudly. Thereupon the gates were thrown wide open and amid rows of armed men he rode towards the palace.

Before the King he bowed low, but removed not his helmet. "I am the Black Prince," he cried, "and I claim the hand of thy daughter in marriage. Bring forth three of thy bravest men and these will I give battle to, and in winning deserve thy reward and her's."

And the King caused it to be proclaimed that at noon in the great courtyard before the palace, should this Black Prince give battle to his favorite knight, and the greatest in all the Kingdom—Orlando, the Fearless.

And straightway a huge multitude did assemble to watch, and at the end of the spacious field sat the King, upon a great golden throne, and beside him on his right sat Elaine, his daughter.

Fiercely waxed the combat; tremblingly did the multitude watch, to cheer the quick rush of either man. For an hour they fought, until at last with one final tilt, they came together, like twin whirlwinds, with leveled spears. Both were dismounted, but only one rose—the Black Prince, unharmed, and the soldiers bore away the lifeless body of Orlando, the Fearless.

At this the multitude did shout in praise, and the Black Prince bent low his knee before the throne. And the King mightily pleased at the combat arose and addressed him.

"Uncover thy head, oh Prince," he began, "that we may look upon the face of such as thee. Never before have I witnessed such a battle."

But the Prince shook his head. "Not until the third hath been slain, sire; then will I uncover and claim my prize."

And the King answered, "It is well."

The Prince arose and mounting his steed awaited the next to give him battle. And the King called his second best knight.

More terrible did the battle rage; at the first clash both men were dismounted, both spears splintered. Then of a sudden the Black Prince bended low, leaped like a huge cat towards his foe, and with a crash that could be heard the full length of the field, smote his heavy sword through the other's helmet, crushing it like an egg shell.

Again did the multitude shout loud in praise, and again did the Black Prince bend low his knee before the throne.

Then the King did have it proclaimed by his heralds, that he, whom among all the multitude should step forward and give battle to this great Prince, and worst him, should have half his lands and the hand of his daughter Elaine in marriage. But none out of that restless crowd came forward. Three times did he call long and loud. Then of a sudden, as the last call sounded and died away, the multitude fell back and made room for a single knight, who unmounted wended his way towards the throne.

Kneeling low he bared his head, and those who stood near gasped in surprise, for they saw the face of him who had long been banished from the land, Sir Richard, the Dauntless.

"Oh, sire," he cried, "I beg of thee one boon." And the Princess felt the rose color dance to her white cheek, and her heart was filled with happiness. But the King looked down upon him with a deep frown and bade him speak.

"Through no falt of mine have I been banished from the land, sire, and as a boon I pray thee let me give battle to this Prince."

At this the King smiled to himself and said, "It is well." Full well did the King know none could stand against this Prince, and it was indeed an easy way to rid himself of undesirable suitors. But with trembling voice did the Princess speak. "Thou shalt not fight, Sir Richard, for thou shalt be killed and I love thee."

And at these words a new light sprang to his eyes, and he felt within himself the strength of a thousand men. "Fear not, fair Elaine," he cried, and blew her a kiss from his finger-tips, "fear not, for I shall win and claim thy hand in marriage, for such are thy father's words."

And the King nodded and said again, "It is well."

So before the throne they fought, with naked swords, and never before had the field beheld such a combat. Steel clashed upon steel, blow returned for blow. Nor either gave ground, until suddenly as Sir Richard prepared to strike a great blow, his foot slipped from beneath him and he fell to one knee. The Princess cried aloud, and the King and his court and all the multitude held their breath. With the quickness of a lightning stroke, the Black Prince, clutching tight his heavy sword with both hands brought it down in a huge sweep towards Sir Richard's head. But wonders of wonders, the sword falling upon his shoulder was scarce felt, no more than a switch in a child's hand. And the sword remained where it had touched, the Black Prince stood over him as if carved in marble. The onlookers stared in wonderment.

Could mortal man receive so mighty a blow of sword and still survive? Combats



DRAWN BY KATHERINE FENIMORE MERRILL

Then it was that Peppo told of the new suitor.

they had seen before; combats waged for ladies' lily hands, but never such combat as this that thrilled them now.

Sir Richard, peering through the vents in his visor, saw the defenceless body there before him; saw a gap between the helmet and the breast-plate.

Still Sir Richard hesitated. Were it for him to slay this kneeling knight? But of what avail to spare him? He lifted his eyes. They met the down-gazing eyes of Elaine. His stout heart leapt. No longer did he hesitate.

There was a sudden flash of sunlight upon a long steel blade, a low gurgling cry that stopped in a breath, and the Black Prince sank in a huddled heap to the ground.

A thousand cries broke upon his ear, and he saw the outstretched arms of Elaine. Through her eyes her heart spoke. And then amid all of this he knelt down and with tender hands unfastened the helmet from the Prince's head, and lo, it disclosed the blood stained face of Peppo, the fool.

The Rise and Fall of Fogarty

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE

The coming of Theobald Chaloupka was not an event. The arrival of a new copy boy in the office of a big New York afternoon paper is of less moment than a "good suicide," and the metropolis usually furnishes two or more such tragedies a day. In the spring and summer the average of new copy boys is almost as high. The city editor hires them and fires them. Sometimes the head office boy is endowed with the cashiering authority, but as a rule this is dangerous to the head office boy, unless he vigilantly eludes his victim's gang.

Theobald Chaloupka came unsought and unrecommended. He just walked in, selected the fiercest eye in the office as the dominating one, and sauntered to the desk. The city editor was busy marking off the "lay out" for the next edition, after an argument with the managing editor on the superior merits of a crime over a society scandal. Theobald leaned at his ease against the desk and waited. A half dozen typewriters pounded, telegraph instruments raced, buzzers buzzed, and man-language shrilled. But Theobald looked out over the shop incuriously, through wide, undaunted eyes.

The city editor glanced up grimly, with one eye half closed and the other threatening. The boy bent down, the brown eyes still wide and unblinking, the round features as smooth and unruffled as a pippin.

"I'd like a job in this office," he said politely.

"What!" and the head office boy jumped; the copy boys hopped up from the bench and secreted their "nickel libraries."

Theobald Chaloupka inclined his head until it was within six inches of the face feared by all. Raising his voice to a piping, nevertheless, firm treble, he repeated: "I'd like a job in this office."

A telephone bell on the city editor's desk tinkled. Snatching the receiver he waved off the boy saying:

"Fix it with Mr. Mack. I'm busy." And he gave his ear to the welcome news of a beat.

Theobald picked out Mr. Mack in an

instant. The long upper lip, the round head, the large, well-knit frame, and the tilt of a half-smoked cigar in a mouth that spoke at once of weakness, strength, violence, and gentleness, was an open volume to the young Bohemian-American.

He stepped confidently around the horse-shoe desk where the copy readers sat wielding relentless blue pencils.

"Mr. Mack," he said with the same unafraid assurance, "I'd like a job in this office, and the boss says it's up to you."

"Like to be an editor?" The assistant city editor focused the tail of a keen gray eye on the calm, serious little face.

"Not yet," was the complacent rejoinder.

"What's your name?" Mr. Mack had returned to his sorting of copy for the readers.

"Theobald Chaloupka," responded the boy with clear, careful enunciation. Mr. Mack bit off the end of his cigar. Then, while writing the head on the big story of the day, he announced quietly:

"Your name is Fogarty. Take off your hat and go to work."

Thereafter he was Fogarty, and he is Fogarty today. Theobald Chaloupka was forgotten with myriad other names that have been. And, as Mr. Mack says, the rise of Fogarty was grand.

When the city editor gave him two dollars and allowed him the Fourth of July off, his conquest of the desk was history. Rhadamanthus became Philip the Gentle. At least he was Philip the Good to Fogarty. Their relations were as man to man, and so he stood with the entire staff.

Then he was bright, quick, and well-mannered, rare characteristics in the run of copy boys. Withal, Fogarty was human, and too much petting wrought the inevitable result. He began to strut. He became the cock-sparrow of the other boys, dominating them by sheer force of presence, in the vernacular called "front." They envied him his "drag" and stood in awe of his prowess, heeding that the sport-

ing editor's friend, the noted prizefighter, had taken up Fogarty and taught him several lethal blows. A general assault was occasionally discussed, but there were the amateur baseball notes that Fogarty was guardian and sub-editor of. To such empyrean heights had Fogarty risen!

He could "kill" their paragraphs, which told crisply, in unleaded agate, of the triumphs of the Little Giants, the Champion Juniors, or the Lenox Avenue Diamond Dusters; and these few line items bought the reverence of the gang. Raging envy would not prompt so great a sacrifice and Fogarty remained unscathed.

There is no gainsaying that Fogarty's chest expanded. He covered his sprouting legs with long "pants" and assumed a swagger. On his block he was king. His name, no longer Theobald Chaloupka, but Frank Fogarty, had been blazoned in type time and again, as captain of the West Side Wonders—when the Wonders won.

Then this twig of a Bohemian-American tree tooted a fife in the Bohemian Cadets' Band (always turning out on St. Patrick's Day with as many green streamers as Mr. Mack). He also belonged to the Y. M. C. A., junior branch, and the chief cartoonist had encouraged him in the development of a talent for drawing. Oh great was Fogarty.

The apogee of his grandeur was obtained about the time Donald Molineux arrived. Donald's little, compact figure, carried the head of a cherub, and he was ever so quiet and unobtrusive; rather diffident it seemed at first, though it really was not that at all.

He soon learned of the greatness of Fogarty. His big, blue eyes seemed more dreamy and soulful than ever when the other boys whispered awesomely of Fogarty's might, of his "drag," of his exalted social rank, his genius with the fife, his standing in the Y. M. C. A., his drawings, and the terrible punch the celebrated middleweight had taught him.

Fogarty was gently patronizing to Donald at their first meeting.

"Got a ball team," he asked condescendingly.

"Sure," replied Donald with a burr of brogue in his soft voice, despite his French

name. An ancestor had emigrated to Ireland and his mother was Scotch.

"Some day when the column aint crowded," Fogarty informed him grandly, "I'll put in a piece about your team." Then he strutted over to the little table where he sorted out the baseball notes before sending them to the sporting editor. He always sent them, too, calling out "Copy!" with all an editor's fire of command. You may imagine it was galling to the other boys to perform this service, when Fogarty's small table was only a few feet from the sporting desk.

A close observer could note a feline softness in the glance of Donald's eye when he regarded Fogarty, and now and then his small fist would double up and make a tentative jab in the air. But his face remained as seraphic as ever during these unobtrusive pantomimes.

The new boy was soon initiated in the mystery of the pneumatic tubes that shot the copy up to the composing room and received the "flimsy" from the Associated Press a few blocks away. He ran errands graciously for the men in the office; won the approval of the city editor by his unflinching alertness. His brogue endeared him to Mr. Mack.

Now, Fogarty was jealous of his rank and his "drag." He was confident that he stood in line, after the head office boy, of promotion to the staff. He had learned the history of this process of evolution from the last head office boy, graduated several years before, who now telephoned slips from police headquarters. Though at heart generous, and a really worthy youngster, he could not consistently allow the new boy to abuse his mind with any extravagant fancies as to his real place. So he began an effort to hold Donald down. At first he showed a rare diplomacy, but the tyranny of youth will never hold within bounds.

One day he divided his baseball notes into several "takes," so as to compel the cherub to accept a succession of commands. The pupils of Donald's eyes were noticeable blacker and lambent as he traversed the brief space with Fogarty's copy.

"Copy! Come a runnin'!" cried Fogarty for the third time, beckoning sternly to

Donald. The cherub did not "come a runnin'." He walked slowly, very slowly, and there was something in his easy, studied saunter that made Mr. Mack raise his eyes and watch under drooping lids.

When the angelic featured youngster reached the little table he stuffed both hands in his knickerbockers and said softly, lisping:

"If yer yell 'Copy!' at me ag'in I'll make yer eat it. Yeth, yer little tin-horn penny editor, yer cheap tooter in ther phoney band; yer thubthitute pitcher fer a butter-finger nine; yer Y. M. C. A. cock-a-doodle-doo, I'll make yer eat it!"

Then he smiled a rare, cherubic smile and backed away, sitting down easily on the bench where the mere copy boys sat.

It was a dramatic moment for Fogarty. He felt the eyes of Mr. Mack upon him. He knew they were twinkling and the corners of the mouth twitching, though the other features were set in studied gloom.

Fogarty's large Bohemian ears blossomed like peonies, while his short, round face grew gradually paler. His humiliation was bitter and his rage stifled him. Still it was beneath his dignity to make a scene. Then there was the grim city editor and the awful voice behind the bristly mustache. But he could not swallow the insult or allow the insolence to go unheeded. He was confident of his ability to annihilate the cherub in manly combat, and his chagrin sweetened in the memory of the teachings of the great prizefighter.

His smug little smile had returned when he rose stiffly and stepped to the bench, chin perked up, and one hand resting with careless grace on his hip. With an affected drawl, but in tones that carried to all the other boys, he addressed Donald:

"I'll eat yer up, if yer'll come down under the Williams street arch at 6."

"Sure," purred Donald. "And say, Fogarty," he added in honeyed tones, "yer better telephone yer folks an' bid 'em a

fond farewell. 'Tis good for yer that St. Gregory's Horspital is near the bridge."

Fogarty sniffed disdainfully and retired to his throne.

Though the forms of the final edition did not close until 7, every boy in the office had vanished before 6. The late shift had jeopardized their jobs rather than miss the battle, and if the glowing accounts from the bench on the following day are any gauge the encounter was heroic during its brief progress.

Alas! Fogarty did not devour the cherub. His terrible punch was cruel only to the atmosphere. He began astronomic observations at the very prelude, and before the *intermezzo* all the world was shut out by a starry canopy. A full bench sang his swan song as he lay prone beneath the cherub and gasped a plea for quarter. Game to the end, he was only a bit of chaff before a small hurricane.

Oh! woeful was the fall of Fogarty! The city editor turned away when he beheld the fallen monarch of the bench, all his buoyancy and aplomb dropped from him, battered, discredited, and forlorn.

Then the cherub bore his honors so splendidly and seemed totally unconscious of his triumph, even in the face of fulsome flattery.

Nevertheless Fogarty came back, though not in the sense familiar to the vernacular of pugilism. He directed his genius in other channels, and developed a skill with pen and brush that won him a much coveted apprenticeship in the art room, where he is now drawing gingerbread frames for photographs, and cuts of ship-wreck, storm, and flood.

As for Donald, the fighting blood of three nations that flowed in his diminutive system had been aroused, and there soon appeared so many battered countenances on the bench that he was promoted to the composing room and became another sort of little devil.



Parisian Fashion Model XVII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Laferrier:—Loose evening coat of mousseline de soie and lace
 with a small stole of chinchilla.



Parisian Fashion Model XVIII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Doucet:—Costume of muslin trimmed with bows of white satin ribbon and pearl embroidery.



Parisian Fashion Model XIX
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Doenillet:—Muslin costume trimmed with double bands of ribbon, pearl embroidery, and embroidered flowers.



Parisian Fashion Model XX
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Street costume of embroidered broadcloth, the waist and skirt trimmed with the embroidery of the fabric.



Parisian Fashion Model XXI
FROM LIFE

By special contract with REUTLINGER, PARIS Maison Drécoll:—Cloth street costume, the coat cut in the fashion of Louis XV.



Parisian Fashion Model XXII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Costume of tulle velvet trimmed with Chantilly lace,
made over white taffeta.



Parisian Fashion Model XXIII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Doenillet:—Princesse evening costume trimmed with lace, and embroidery of gold.



Parisian Fashion Model XXIV
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Beer:—Costume of voile and black velvet made over white taffeta
trimmed with lace appliqué.



PHOTO BY HALLEN

Robert Cummings, H. B. Walthall, Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in the first act of "The Great Divide."

Some Dramas of the Day

BY LOUIS V. DE FOE

To play with prophecy is as uncertain in the realm of illusion as in the world of fact. Nevertheless, the handwriting on the theatrical walls now points to an exceptional dramatic year: not only for the ephemeral interest it will provide for playgoers, but also for the permanent good it will accomplish for the art of the stage.

Though the season in New York has not yet passed beyond its first quarter there are already more genuinely successful dramas on Broadway than could have been counted a year ago when playgoing had reached its height. Better still, foreign authors do not enjoy undisputed possession of the stages. A few plays from over the sea, such as Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero's "His House In Order" and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' "The Hypocrites," continue their strong hold on public attention, but more than in the last half dozen years that uncertain individual, the American dramatist, is coming in for his own.

Among recent productions none is worthier of hearty praise than "The Great Divide," a new drama of Western life

which, with Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin at the head of its fine cast, in a single night, established Mr. William Vaughn Moody as an author to be reckoned with hereafter in native dramatic fiction. Many people who sit under its spell leave the theater with an impression that they have at last seen the long expected "great American play." Though I hesitate to subscribe to this extravagant view I admit that, in its way, it is the best native product of the last five years.

The reason for Mr. Moody's success is not hard to discover. He combines in the play three great essentials to a vital dramatic work—vivid imagination, accurate knowledge of human nature, and a bold and original method of telling a story. He seeks less to create tense and exciting situations—notwithstanding that "The Great Divide" contains plenty of these—than to explore the psychology of character by the clash of strong and sharply contrasted wills.

Acquaintance with the characters be-

gins in an isolated cottage in the Arizona desert. Night has fallen and *Ruth Jordan*, a product of New England conventionalism, is beset, while alone, by three outlaws, products of the coarse, unbridled passions of the frontier. The situation is disagreeable. The purpose of the men is plain. The woman sees at once the terrors of her fate. She makes an ineffectual effort at self-defense and then, in her extremity, yields to the strongest, offering to give herself to him if he will protect her from the others, but asking a marriage before the law.

The grim bargain is quickly struck. *Stephen Ghent* shoots one of his protesting companions, buys off the other with a string of gold nuggets, and leads his captive to a magistrate, having first given her a chance to shoot either himself or her as she writes a note, telling her family not to follow.

You next see the pair in the arid waste of the Catalina Mountains and here the fierce battle of wills begins. The woman is sullenly keeping her part of the strange compact, crushed with the knowledge that she is a chattel bought for a price. Her influence is gradually working a change in her captor's coarse nature and his discovery of gold enables him to give her the comforts of life. But a "great divide" is still between them for the iron of humiliation is in the woman's soul.

She toils at basket making to earn money to buy back her freedom. She sees the spark of good kindling in *Ghent* but makes no secret of her hatred of his rude but kindly meant advances, not even after she vehemently defends him from the

reproaches of her brother who has traced them to their abode. In a passionate scene she at last makes plain to her husband that she can never forgive the circumstances of the marriage and turns from him to the protection of her Eastern home.

The last act finds *Ruth* in the smug conventionalism of her Massachusetts village, rearing her child and trying to blot the past from her memory. *Ghent*, now rich, has followed and saved the family from financial ruin. He sees her and pleads his cause, making no effort to extenuate his fault but arguing that the penalty he has paid is complete—that he, not she, is the real sufferer, and that hope for his future rests with her. She is obdurate at first but as he turns to go the defenses of her resolution crumble and she places around her neck the strings of nuggets in token of surrender.

The story is immeasurably more effective in the acting than in the telling for Mr. Moody contrives to bare the souls of his two central characters and to give the circumstances of his drama the ring of real life.

Mr. Miller has never before acted a rôle so well as *Stephen Ghent* and Miss Anglin, in her subtle, restrained impersonation of *Ruth Jordan*, touches depths of feeling that in previous characters she has not reached. There are only two or three other parts of importance but they are vividly drawn and well acted. Lovers of good drama should not miss "The Great Divide." They will find in it more than the mere apotheosis of a drunkard, which in a bald synopsis seems to be the end of it.



PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY CO.

Margaret Anglin as *Ruth Jordan* in "The Great Divide."

Fidelity to life in its lowly aspect is the keynote of that other play with its locale in the Far West—"The Three of Us," in which Miss Rachel Crothers, with the help of that admirable little emotional actress, Miss Carlotta Neilson, is directing a sure appeal to even the most sophisticated playgoers.

There is no dallying with problems of psychology in this sympathetic drama of

sell his share and wander away into the world. You are quickly won by the optimism of the girl and her fortitude in adversity as she struggles to keep the little family together.

She is wavering between the attentions of two men in the camp. One is *Stephen Tounley*, a sturdy young prospector; the other is *Louis Berresford*, a shrewd Eastern speculator. Each, in his way, is of a good



PHOTO BY HALLEN

Lena Ashwell as *Deborah* and E. R. Mauson as *Simeon*
in "The Shulamite."

the humble affairs of humble people. It is as if the roof of *Rhy MacChesney's* cottage in a Nevada mining camp had been lifted off, permitting a glimpse of the toil and struggle that goes on inside, with its pinch of poverty, its longings, its ambitions, and its hope deferred.

You see the brave, patient sister and her two brothers—one a mere school boy, the other a disgruntled young cub who is weary of waiting for the mine, their sole inheritance, to pan out, and is fretting to

sort and her indecision is reasonable.

The day comes at last when *Tounley* "strikes it rich" and offers his sweetheart marriage and a comfortable home. The hysterical joy of the lovers as they tell and re-tell to each other the story of their new happiness is like a leaf from the book of human nature. One problem only delays the girl's final answer. What is to become of her brothers?

Clem, the restless young scapegrace, meanwhile, has been listening at the



PHOTO BY BURR MCINTOSH

Sam Bernard as the rich *Mr. Hoggenhetmer*.

kitchen door. He hears *Stephen* explain to *Rhy* how, on the next day, he intends to buy up the adjoining land and pave his way to fortune. Then the youngster hurries off to sell the information to *Berresford*, so that the latter may get in on the deal first.

There is a party at a neighboring house on the following night. *Rhy* is there in high spirits, and to her the speculator confides that he has made the purchase of the land, binding her to a word of honor that she will not divulge how she obtained the information. *Stephen* soon discovers that his own deal has been forestalled and naturally draws the inference that his sweetheart has betrayed his confidence.

Later that same night she goes to *Berresford's* house to beg him to release her from the promise to which she clings with quixotic tenacity. The man, in a moment of infatuation, makes a dishonorable proposal but almost immediately repents and offers marriage. Then comes *Stephen* to find the pair together and to jump at conclusions of even deeper infamy.

At this point the play would go aground on the trite situation of an interrupted midnight tryst if the author did not give the incident a wholly unexpected twist.

Rhy, unlike the stereotyped heroines of conventional melodrama refuses to be humiliated. She takes the aggressive against the two men, scorns both, and asserts her own strength and womanhood.

How she surprises young *Clem* in the act of sneaking away from home, how her grief awakens his brotherly instincts, and how she coaxes from him the story of his eavesdropping are the subsequent details of the play. She interrupts the lad's confession to save him from disgrace but not until *Stephen* has heard enough to know that the girl has been loyal throughout the whole affair.

The play, I admit, deals with the little ways of little people. Its author may not display a great grasp on life in its broad aspects. But it is sincere and true—and that, after all, in the theater, is the answer.

Now that Miss Neilson no longer imitates Mrs. Fiske, in whose company she first came to notice, her acting has taken on spontaneity. She gives an appealing impersonation of the Western girl and Mr. Frederick Truesdell who plays *Stephen*, no less than Mr. Henry Kolker who impersonates *Berresford* and Mr. John Westley who acts unruly *Clem*, add



PHOTO BY BATODA

Carlotta Nilsson appearing in "*The Three of Us*."

just the right touches to give "The Three Of Us" a ring of reality.

Our facetious friend, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, professional paradoxer and self-appointed topsy-turvyist to the British people, to whom nothing in the existing order of things is right and everything is wrong, is once more regaling us, this time with his amusing fantasy at the expense of highly respected antiquity.

I wish I might give more than a bare inkling of the flavor of this clever travesty of history. "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott with their London company are now convulsing New York. Its elusive but genuine humor resists description and I can only advise all on the look out for unique entertainment to go to see it if it comes their way.

The play has been in print for several years in the volume, "Plays For Puritans" though it is not necessary to be a Puritan to enjoy it. And even if it irritates you with its impudent trifling with venerable facts you cannot fail to be delighted



PHOTO BY LIZZIE CASWELL SMITH

Forbes-Robertson as *Caesar* in "Caesar and Cleopatra."



PHOTO BY LIZZIE CASWELL SMITH

Gertrude Elliott as *Cleopatra* in "Caesar and Cleopatra."

with Mr. Forbes-Robertson's comic impersonation of *Julius Caesar* who, it appears, called quite informally on *Cleopatra*, in 48 B. C. and put the affairs of the Egyptian dynastic system to rights.

The first meeting of the *Conqueror of the World* and the *Empress of the Nile* is, in itself, a masterpiece of comic fancy. He, at the time, was fifty-four and sedate; she was sweet sixteen and kittenish. They came together between the paws of the Sphinx, to whose protecting embrace the young queen had clambered after a marauding black cat had lured from her arms the sacred white cat which she was about to sacrifice to the god.

The acquaintance thus romantically begun in the desert ripened to genuine affection in the Palace at Alexandria where *Caesar* met the youthful *Ptolemy* and learned to fear the watchful eye of *Featatecta*, *Cleopatra's* dragon nurse. So experienced a leader of men and citizen of the world soon learned that the Egyptians were afflicted with many of the evils that worry the Britons of today.

From this point the play—if, indeed, it can be called a play—wanders through a



PHOTO BY BYRON

Cave scene in the fourth act of Viola Allen's production of "Cymbeline."

series of unexpected veins. Sometimes its mood is farce; again it seems to be romantic comedy, and once, at least, it rises to the plane of real drama. But whatever be its shifting spirit it contrives always to be unique and entertaining.

Caesar's interesting sojourn in Egypt covers a period of five months, during which his legions teach the armies of the Nile a thing or two. Then he sets out for Rome, promising, at *Cleopatra's* hint of a longing for a younger and handsomer man, to send *Mark Antony* to take his place.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, notwithstanding that he is the most serious actor in England, plays *Caesar* with deliciously sustained farcical gravity. His resemblance to the Roman Conqueror is so close that it is almost uncanny. His acting and elocution are ideal. Miss Elliott is quite as interesting in her impersonation of the childishly petulant *Cleopatra* who, under *Caesar's* tutelage, gradually ripens to a tyrannical sense of her importance.

The other members of the company—as Romans, Egyptians, Persians, and one as an ancient Britain of irreproachable gentility and smug respectability—keep nicely

in the spirit of the play. The settings and costumes are on the scale of brilliant extravaganza. The scene of the Baby Sphinx in the desert is a masterpiece of stage art.

The stumbling block in the path of Miss Lena Ashwell's first tour in this country is not that she is deficient as an emotional actress but that we have so many of our own who surpass her. She is not the equal of Mrs. Fiske in intellectuality or of Miss Julia Marlowe in poetic feeling. I would rank her just below the Margaret Anglin class. She is much more popular in England than she can hope to be in America, for there the dearth of emotional actresses is great and she stands practically unrivaled.

She has come to us, unfortunately, with the mill-stone of a bad play around her neck, for no drama in which she might appear would be less likely to attract us than the morbid, turgid, and all but ridiculous melodrama, "The Shulamite," made over from Claude and Alice Askew's novel of life in the Transvaal.

The inevitable "triangle" of French comedy is again spread out, this time on the South African veldt. At one angle is

old *Oom Simeon Krillet*, a rough old Boer and upholder of the Mosaic law, who enforces with the lash his belief that a wife's first duty is obedience; at another angle is his refined and sensitive wife, a stray flower sprung up in the Transvaal wilderness; at the third angle is the polished, self-exiled Englishman who fills the position of overseer on old *Krillet's* farm.

It is not hard to guess what ensues. The bullied wife finds relief in the tender sympathy of the young product of London culture, who makes her promise never again to submit to a beating at her husband's hands. Occasion soon arises for another use of the lash and the wife stays his hand with the lie that she is to become a mother.

Thereupon all the gall in the old patriarch turns to honey. But soon comes a time when the wife must confess her falsehood. The admission is made at a moment when old *Krillet's* temper is inflamed by the chance discovery of his overseer's unspoken infatuation. He solemnly pronounces his sentence of death upon her, bidding her pray while he goes to the house to fetch his gun.

A thunderstorm is raging. The horses of *Waring*, the Englishman, have been struck by lightning out on the veldt, and he staggers back to the barn in time to save *Deborah's* life by shooting her would-be murderer. The pair bury the body, spread a report that the lightning killed *Krillet*, and settle down to life on the farm together.

From this moment—the tense scene in the play and capably though not brilliantly acted by Miss Ashwell—the story quickly peters out. *Deborah* lets slip the secret of the killing to *Krillet's* sister and, for a time, *Waring's* life is in jeopardy. A happy ending is finally achieved by bringing in *Krillet's* nephew, who decides that the homicide was justifiable, while the sister's venal nature is appeased by a division of the property.

The brutality of the story makes it depressing and neither its conditions nor conclusions are half-way plausible. I do not object to a grim story behind the footlights but if I must have a case of "creeps" I have a right to ask, at least, that it mean something.

Miss Viola Allen just now is paying

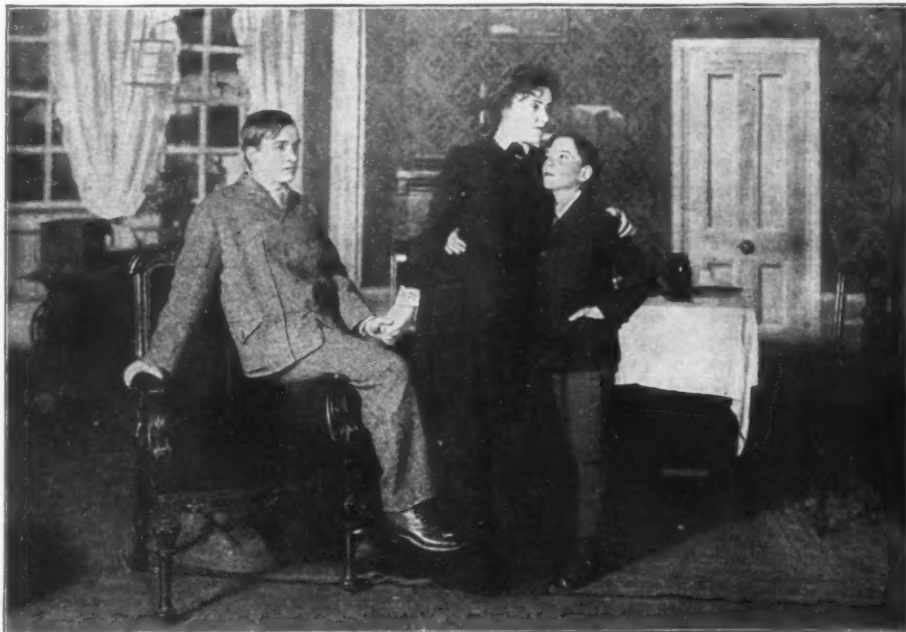


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John Westley, Carlotta Nillson and George Clarke in "The Three of Us."

tribute to art in a lovely production of "Cymbeline," that rank and unwieldy comedy of Shakespeare's which, in its rôle of *Imogen*, presents a picture of exalted womanhood—the most beautiful of all stage ideals of a perfect wife.

To act *Imogen* well is the laudable ambition of every dramatic star, although to most people of the present day the play itself is quite sure to prove a bore. I plead guilty to this heretic sentiment against the revered Bard but I wish to add that *Imogen* fits Miss Allen's personality wonderfully well, better, even than *Viola* or *Perdita*.

But when she is not on the stage interest lags. When *Posthumus*, most infamous of husbands, is the center of the picture, the whole affair becomes irritating and unpleasant. Even Shakespeare's bright halo is dimmed by the shadow of such a plot.

Miss Allen has spared no effort or expense to make the production a feast for the eye. The settings could scarcely be more beautiful. Her company is large and in it Mr. J. H. Gilmour, who plays the treacherous *Iachimo*, gives an admirable performance. But the others are uneasy in doublet and hose and unhappy in their attempts to speak blank verse as if they were expressing the sentiments of real people.

It is hard to breathe new life into an old character, but Mr. Harry B. Smith, who has transplanted Mr. Sam Bernard's funny Dutchman from "The Girl From Kays" to "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" has successfully accomplished the feat—with Mr. Bernard's broken-dialect assistance, of course.

The new piece, for which Mr. Ludwig Englander has spun a melodic drapery is now installed on Broadway, where it bids fair to become one of the most popular musical-comedies of the season, ranking second only to "The Red Mill."

As *Hoggenheimer*, Mr. Bernard impersonates a festive London millionaire who comes to America, ostensibly to rescue his son from the clutches of an adventuress, but really to escape the results of one of

his own indiscretions. On the ship he falls into the snare of a designing actress and his peace is further disturbed by his suspicious wife, of whose presence on the same vessel he is, for a time, in joyful ignorance.

It is lucky for Mr. Bernard that so clever an actress as Miss Georgia Caine is his right bower this season. His best opportunities for fun come late in the piece, and as *Flora Fair*, the actress, Miss Caine keeps the interest alive until the star gets his running start down the ship's gang plank at the Hoboken docks.

From this moment, however, the piece fairly bulges with hilarity. The adventures of the guileless, boastful *Hoggenheimer*, and his thirteen trunks, with rapacious custom's house inspectors, his effort to edit the cablegram to his wife, and his sudden metamorphosis into a New York cabman to escape the angry *Mrs. Hoggenheimer's* wrath are screamingly funny.

Afterwards *Mr. Hoggenheimer* becomes a waiter in order to rob his son at a dinner given in honor of the wedding. Having embroiled himself variously and ridiculously in many mishaps he eventually discovers that his to-be daughter-in-law is a most circumspect person whom he can use to pave his way into society.

The settings are uncommonly interesting and there is not a moment when the animate scenery—the chorus—is not attractive. A dozen of the songs seem to have caught the popular fancy, notably Miss Caine's "Don't you Want to Buy a Paper?" and "Poker Love," a ditty accompanied by a charming dance. Mr. Bernard has no songs in the piece and great is the rejoicing on that account.

Mr. James T. Powers may well be envious of Mr. Bernard. His new musical-comedy, "The Blue Moon," at the Casino is another of those idealess, tuneless jumbles of stereotyped nonsense by a syndicate of English composers and librettists that hardly succeed in raising one legitimate laugh through an entire evening. The company, with one or two exceptions is poor.